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WOMEN AT MAN-MADE COLLEGES

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DOES the atmosphere of the typical coeducational college increase the artificial femininity of the women students and the arbitrary domination of the men? If not, then why are women never found as presidents of mixed classes or as leaders in representative student "activities"? These questions occurred to an observer who challenges some educational pioneer to found an institution where grown boys and girls can study on an even footing.

THOSE of us whose personal experience is limited to the cloistered colleges of the Eastern states, have a romantic tendency to idealize the unseen coeducational college. Along with the wide grain fields of the Middle West, the automobile industries, the verse of Carl Sandburg, and the prose of Theodore Dreiser, we have thought of it as something large, spontaneous, sound, and free of preciousness. It is a conception that even adolescents share. One hears now and then of a serious-minded Eastern girl who, though having grown up in the Eastern tradition, distrusts the preponderantly feminine atmosphere of the woman's college that has been chosen for her,—Smith or Vassar or Wellesley or Bryn Mawr,—and elects instead to enter Oberlin or Ann Arbor because its central idea seems to her more logical and reasonable. And though there are doubtless fewer cases of boys who forego Harvard or Yale in order to register at Wisconsin or North-

western, the fact remains that to the thoughtful youth as to the thoughtful adult, the principle of coeducation must inevitably make a strong appeal.

But this sympathetic attitude is naturally based on the belief that coeducation coeducates,—that is, that it supplies the same or equivalent conditions for young men and women to live and work in, and that it fosters between the two an interplay of mind which might in fact easily be supposed to be the main purpose of the arrangement. What first-hand observation does for an unprofessional outsider,—and this is the purport of the present confession,—is to undermine this assumption rather lamentably.

The point should be made, in explanation of the tentative comments and questionings that follow, that they result from acquaintance with but one set of conditions. But there is reason to suppose that these are typical conditions. In a region where so great uniformity prevails as in the middle western States, it is hard to believe that any institution could succeed in being saliently individual, even were such its ambition. If the college that supplied these data differs very much from scores of other small State-supported “universities,” it is perhaps through certain obvious points of superiority. With a more than average percentage of liberal minds on its faculty, and with a man of uncommon quality at its head, it far from deserves to be cited as a horrible example. What appear, from the point of view expressed in these pages, to be its shortcomings, are emphatically the shortcomings of its type.

It is without a reservation in the world that the alien betakes himself to the promised land of learning and looks hopefully about the scene,—a scene that proves to be not only charming, but charming in the familiar way. Swarms of young creatures drift gaily across a campus as classically tree-grown, as traditionally furnished with old brick and ivy, as though it were not next door to the prairies and a minute or so from Main Street. The whole thing is very simple, after all, one tells oneself,—merely that the girls and boys who were side by side in school have not been arbitrarily separated on reaching college age.

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Nothing could be more natural or desirable than that these young men and women should have four years of daily mental interchange. If the man's mind is identical with the woman's, it is only logical that they should be exposed to the same influences. If they are different, neither should be deprived of the advantage that discovery of this very difference will bring. Then there is the happy circumstance of free personal association, and the legend, familiar to us all, of those sane, steady friendships, with no nonsense about them, formed in library or laboratory and acquiring just about the time of the final examinations a romantic glow intense enough to light the marriage for a lifetime.

Which is all very well. But there is a point, forgotten for a time, that one sooner or later sharply recalls. The term "co-ed" applies only to girls. The boy is educated. The girl is *co*-educated. A trifle in itself, especially as precisely the same courses are offered to men and women, courses followed at the same time, in the same lecture rooms, under the same members of the faculty,—a faculty, however, composed entirely of men. How much farther, they might ask you, need coeducation go?

But the students themselves know well enough that this isn't the whole story. And if they don't know it instinctively, there are plenty of voices, from that of the cynically indolent freshman to that of the sentimental orator at Commencement, to assure them that the essential value of their experience consists not at all in what the curriculum may provide, but in something a good deal more elusive, something called "college life." And "college life," in this special sense, is made up mostly, as we know, of sports, friendships, "student activities." It is these, they will tell you, that really develop, that really educate, the student. It is these that the alumnus will emotionally protest he came to college to secure and would consider it nothing short of tragic to have missed. Books?—You can find them anywhere. Even teachers.

But to concede this, even in part, is to admit that there is in the plan of the coeducational college a flaw so serious that it is

extraordinary it should excite no attention. Because it is precisely where these extra-curricular matters are concerned that the young men and young women, as an outsider sees it, do not share equally, are by no means on an equal footing. The matter is worth going into a little; beginning with its more conspicuous, external features and from these, as it were, working inward.

To begin with, there is football.

Probably nobody will deny the supremacy that football has gained over all other elements of college life, in any college where it exists at all. And coeducational colleges are a part of the football world. So that in the college now serving as an illustration, for at least a third of the college year, practically all the youths are absorbed by this predominating passion. Not only the lordly few who compose the actual team, but the majority of the others, play football, think it, dream it, talk it. Thus is supplied the test whereby a boy proves himself normal and average, rather than highbrow and queer.

During this long football season, what of the girls? The truth is that they watch the heroic pastimes of the men's athletic field with an appalling passivity. Month after month, they continue mere spectators. They express a real or counterfeited despair when an ominous hush settling upon the campus on a late Saturday afternoon tells that "our" team has lost, at home or abroad; and they appear to exult when the lively ringing of the chapel bell, at the same hour, announces that "our" team has won. But in this far-fetched sense of participation they are sharers, of course, in a very common fallacy, the truth being that they have no more to do with the result of a game, in any possible sense, than if they had foregone college life and remained to dust the family parlor in Gopher Prairie.

What, to the outsider, seems unfortunate in this situation is not, naturally, that girls are not admitted to football teams, but that the immensely prevailing power of the football cult among the men seems to suppress whatever desire the girls may have to express themselves similarly. Either they feel that it is hopeless to attempt to compete with a thing so entrenched and power-

ful, or they may actually believe it appropriate, as their "lady-like" grandmothers would have believed, that the men should be sole representatives of the athletic life of the college. The girls' basket ball seems rather perfunctory, and not only in the development of this one sport, but in all organized or unorganized play, one would say that they were a good many years behind the women's colleges. Their habitual campus costume sufficiently betrays them: high heels, narrow skirts, furs hunched about their necks. It seems an almost startling anachronism that in this era of "sports" there should be grouped together hundreds of girls whose whole need of exercise, outside their gymnasium work, is satisfied by an occasional stroll.

So much for outdoor life. One next looks hopefully to discover in the social life of the men and women students somewhat more of the element of give-and-take. But here again the disparity in the life of the two groups seems almost grotesque. Without going into the question of the desirability of secret societies, it may simply be set down that fraternities and sororities exist at such a college and that they powerfully affect in one way or another the happiness of practically every student,—particularly, of course, the excluded ones. Therefore all the youths representing the operation of the selective principle live in the comfortable, often luxurious fraternity houses and regulate their own lives with a minimum of official interference.

It is quite otherwise with the girls. Since there are no sorority houses, there is no conspicuous segregation of the "popular" and "prominent." The women students live at least two in a room in large, stereotyped dormitories, obey rules, and are answerable for the disposition of their time to a woman Dean. All initiative in social encounter comes from the men, who may seek the girls' society as much as they please. But before a girl may acquiesce in a proposed scheme of amusement, she must obtain her Dean's permission.

It may or may not be necessary that an undergraduate should go to bed, or pretend to go to bed, at a certain hour. What

certainly couldn't be argued is that such a measure is any more or any less imperative in the women's case than in the men's. Yet the women aren't allowed lights after ten, while the men, who the authorities very well know wouldn't tolerate such a restriction, are discreetly overlooked. And this is only one detail.

Now either or both these opposed systems might of course be eloquently defended,—the liberty that the men enjoy and the restrictions imposed upon the girls. The only point now being made is that they *are* totally opposed systems and that they therefore cannot serve to "coeducate" the students but must, on the contrary, go to build up an all but tangible watershed between them. A perfectly definite psychology is imparted to the youth. He is led to think of himself as competent to form his own judgments, free to follow his own desires and therefore naturally superior to a student who is kept on a tether. And the girl acquires a psychology no less definite: that of a person who is supervised, questioned, protected, whose inferiority is implicit in the code that governs her.

Furthermore, when one compares her days with those of the woman's college undergraduate, it seems as though the "co-ed" suffered some inhibition of her social as she does of her athletic impulse. An outsider has the impression that among themselves coeducated girls have a listless social life, and that since they are uninterested in forming independent groups, vigorous leaders fail to stand out among them. But neither do they express themselves freely and naturally in the general social life, control of which they have yielded, as has already been pointed out, to the men. Leadership being in fact out of the question, the tendency seems to be toward suppressing personality, in so far as it is individual and characteristic. Unhappily, too, since there are more women than men, the competitive factor exists, and with it, the really debasing temptation, to the girl, to be something other, and often lesser than she is, something more frivolous and more unstable, in order to be approved and chosen,—and to have, that is, any social life at all. A coeducational college must be the hardest place in the world for an

eighteen-year old girl to remain faithful to her genuine self.

There remains the field of "student activities," where, if anywhere, the students should meet on equal terms. But five minutes' inspection of the college bulletin board will sufficiently indicate how completely there prevails the unwritten law that of any group in which power or responsibility is vested, a man student must stand at the head. The class president, for instance, is always a man, the vice-president a woman. This is so clearly understood that nobody ever mentions it or even thinks about it. But can we suppose that it is without its psychological sequences?

Of this unwritten law in operation, noticeable instances suggest themselves. In the college where these impressions were formed there existed a few years ago no literary monthly. A group of young women with an urge in this direction, trying but failing to rouse their men classmates to the point of co-operation, planned, wrote, and issued such a magazine. After the publication of several numbers they were halted by the administration and reminded that in a coeducational college anything so conspicuous as a literary monthly must not be issued by an editorial board composed entirely of women. And when men were appointed to the reorganized board, a man was by administrative decree made editor-in-chief. To no one connected with the college, except perhaps to one or two of the superseded girl editors, did this seem an unfair action.

On another occasion the college obtained publicity throughout the country from the fact that the "student body" had effectively boycotted an official whom it found intolerable and forced him out of the college. But in this matter the women students were given no chance either to obstruct or aid.

It is not on record that any woman student, in the college at least, has ever openly revolted against the code that assigns her to second place, whatever her ability. But if she did, she would have to combat the unanimous adherence of students and faculty to the traditional notion, so thoroughly outgrown in many parts of the outside world, that men, by sheer virtue of their gender,

must always lead, women always follow. And she would have to combat, too, the belief that her very presence in the college is in the nature of an encroachment. Before coeducation was thought of, this was a college for men. The reason still given for excluding women from the faculty is that there is a masculine tradition to sustain. Naturally no such deference is paid to any other outgrown view once held by the founders of the college. But the truth may be summed up in a few words: woman's position in the coeducational college has yet to be legitimized.

It would be very strange if the everyday conditions that have been instanced did not affect the character of the students' mental development; and as a matter of fact it seems pretty clear that they do. The students cannot or do not strip themselves of their artificial form of sex-consciousness in order to make a direct mental approach to the subject their professor is presenting. Before they can speak aloud a natural sentence, the youth must make it clear to his special audience that he is always and unwaveringly the dominating male; the girl must suggest unmistakably that she is guiltless of any views the dominating male might refuse to tolerate. It is easy to imagine how serious a mental handicap this must be.

More than this, they even outwardly dramatize these mental postures. A survey of one of these classrooms would astound a liberal-minded social philosopher beholding it for the first time. To the front rows drift the exponents of the conforming and receptive sex, who are, so to speak, on parade. Their hair arrangements are intricate and laborious, they are soft of eye and of voice, their effervescence is charmingly subdued. Behind them lounge the boys, rough-shirted, unkempt, taciturn, as determined to overdo their crude masculine pose as the girls are to overdo the traditional feminine. The paradoxical opposite, all this, of the results coeducation has been counted upon to produce.

This situation naturally could not remain as clear cut as it is if the students were not so profoundly unaware of realities that lie outside the campus gates,—a defect, of course, that most

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collegians share. It may not be altogether surprising that they should be ignorant of contemporary arts. But they are almost as unaware of political issues and of practically all important questions. In a day when the woman's movement throughout the world has reached so significant a stage, it seems almost incredible that young women of twenty should smilingly tell you that they have never thought anything about the status of women. Far from being feminists or anti-feminists, they scarcely even know the meaning of the terms. Jane Addams may be the most widely known woman in this country. She is, at all events, a figure that you would suppose college girls could hardly avoid being informed about. Yet when Miss Addams came to speak at the college, on a topic she was no less eager than competent to discuss, the brief time she had to give was consumed in answering questions of the most elementary sort about Hull House,—questions that the better-informed student in the woman's college of a generation ago wouldn't have dreamed of asking.

The post-graduation plans, too, are betraying. Some of the girls expect to teach, but professional or artistic achievement, even economic independence in itself, seems to lure them not overmuch and most of them are rather frank in their hope of marrying young and prosperously. Nor are the men bent on serious professional careers. The dull youths look unimaginatively forward to "business," the clever ones, and without reluctance, to the occupation of advertising.

Such data as these may separately have little significance; but taken together they surely go to establish that there is, after all, no really profitable mental association between coeducated students and that everybody knows there isn't. It seems also clear that the illiberal tradition outside the classroom is at fault. But the baffling circumstance is that nobody concerned in the coeducational arrangement has any interest in discussing it.

One exception to this statement does stand out:—there is a very general willingness to debate whether or not the students have too great an opportunity to develop romantic interest in

each other. Perhaps this is merely because adults everywhere like to gossip about the love-making proclivities of the young, but at all events, within the circle, discussion very nearly begins and ends with this one consideration. Meanwhile, the looker-on without the circle comes to the conclusion that the influence of the sex-urge is the one element in the life of the coeducational college that can be trusted to take care of itself. Need their elders, after all, concern themselves so very much as to whether, with a certain set of rules in force, a greater number of students develop absorbing attachments for each other than under another set of rules? One feels that if the academic police that are so vigilant at every college could dismiss their own obsessing fear of that small percentage of cases, frivolous, scandalous, whatever they may be called, that are going to happen anyway, their minds would be freer to approach their own special educational problem, which is so far from being permanently solved.

But either these impressions of a single observer are totally misleading, or else some at least of the eminent persons connected with coeducation are satisfied with the word alone. In fact, the dreary suspicion occurs to one that those in immediate charge of coeducation may be those that believe in it least, that are even least interested in it. It seems even not unfair to suggest that their ambition is largely negative. They feel, that is, that they are achieving all that could be asked of them if transgression of rules by the students is not too frequent or sensational. If the idea of the coeducational college includes any serious challenge to the older type of institution, nobody ever expresses it. If these teachers believe that educating men and women together ought to result in some finer human product than the separate colleges can show, nothing they ever say or do betrays this belief. So that the searcher is obliged to conclude that the very thing he had expected to find at the core of coeducation not only doesn't exist, but is so far un hoped for, unthought of. Coeducational colleges may already exist where the boys and girls start even and continue without handicaps. If not, the development of one should tempt some educational pioneer.

THE CASE FOR COEDUCATION

By JESSICA B. PEIXOTTO

THAT isolation will not train women students to their rôle in modern life is the reply of a professor at the University of California. Only through the disciplines gained by studying, side by side with men, can they hope to hold their own when they leave college. If women do not fill positions of highest responsibility in co-educational centers she believes it is because they have not yet finally broken down their traditional and inherited handicaps.

FAITH in coeducation is based on two propositions.

The first is a belief that, in its main lines, university life should be a pattern of the society which the student prepares to enter; the other, the conviction that the experiment of higher education carried on with one sex secluded from the other during work hours can no longer justify itself. Believers in coeducation feel that it is a tried and trustworthy method of education. In comparison, any other way of educating persons over eighteen looks artificial, mistaken,—an anachronism. The daily round of life in a great coeducational university, especially that type which includes student government, brings young people of both sexes into a direct, purposeful, friendly intercourse that for converts to the system appears fruitful of good scholarship, sound friendships, successful marriages. Coeducation becomes to these no more debatable than, for instance, the self-evident utility of the Constitution of the United States.

But every so often there is an awakening. Someone forces the apostle of this system of training young men and women to the startling discovery that cynicism and skepticism about coeducation still exist. His faith must be argued for.

Critics recruit most briskly when periodically the newspaper reporter does his worst for campus life. Among ten thousand young persons of both sexes on a campus, a hundred usually

prove more sexed than self-directing. Playing up to the time-honored enthusiasm for morbid deviation in sex-life, the press seeks out their stories and exploits them widely. The graduates of separate colleges, and the idealists who look backward or forward, read the head-lines, then with the ever-ready Mrs. Grundy unite to say, "I told you so." Additional doubters are recruited from among puzzled middle-aged parents anxious to save their young from unnecessary risks. The tale of the ninety-nine hundred who do not fail is left unnoted, untold.

Three groups in particular, quite different in their purposes, disturb the confidence of those past questioning coeducation. Graduates of separate colleges point with irritation or regret to the risks and impediments of two sexes on one campus. Idealists ever and anon sound an alarm, challenging the feasibility, the sincerity, the social utility of coeducation. With a different objective, the feminist joins the other idealistic doubters.

The tenets of chivalry, feminism, and mid-victorianism as running mates make an incongruous mental image. The fact remains that extremes do touch when the advisability of coeducation is the question. Those who would perpetuate past habits of mind about the nature of sex and the status of woman and those who ardently want change in ways of thinking, object together to any scheme that brings young men and young women in the same classroom and campus life. But their arguments start from opposite codes of sex-relationship. Protesting together, they part company when they begin to reason.

The idealists who look backward to chivalry or the victorian age, object to coeducation on the ground that a sharp separation of the sexes before marriage is "safe." Also, shades of Miss Austen, they regard separate colleges as the only means whereby to preserve those "sweet uncertainties about each other" so dear to true romance. "I want the girl I marry to be on a pedestal for me; and I want her to feel that I am the center and the glory of her world. She can't feel that way if we've rubbed along daily in classes and committees for four years . . ." Thus to me recently, a youthful male, advocate of separate education.

It is also urged that young girls can be taught the special rôle of woman only when trained in small groups and together. With coeducation, hope for this womanly woman vanishes. A strange type develops, familiar neither in appearance, manner, nor objective. This "new woman" is a deplorable departure from the tried and true, not to be encouraged. The world needs "the womanly woman" it has cherished for ages past.

Quite the other way run the objections of the feminist who also would found and foster separate colleges. Most often, the feminist arraigns coeducation as a colossal insincerity. The many women and the few men who still break a lance for "the down-trodden sex" in great universities do not complain of the risks of coeducation; they accent its inequalities. To them, a coeducational college appears largely opportunity for continuing the domination of the male. Under coeducation, woman is denied the joys of leadership and its opportunities. Insisting that the men on faculties shape young women's thoughts in beaten routes, that habit of mind leads these young women to take second place not only in athletics but in all other student activities, they protest that young girls can never be brought to independent thinking and straightforward action except when four years of college life are spent alone with her own sex. Otherwise, usage leads man to expect and woman to impose upon herself, the smirks, the subterfuges, the indirections that centuries of false practices ascribe to women as native propensities. Politically long overlooked, economically subordinated, domesticated instead of socialized, before anything else that education can give, woman now needs training for leadership in domestic life and in political and economic relations. It is just this training, they argue, that young women can never get through coeducation. During the four years of a separate college life, some women at least experience leadership; in a coeducational college, none get the chance; all are "auxiliary." When through separate college life, women have tasted the satisfaction of first place, they may be counted upon to try for them in after life.

Thus the opponents of coeducation,—the separately trained,

the timid parents who desire to see their youth repeated in the new generation, and the feminists.

The advocate of coeducation can begin by conceding certain points in the arguments of the lover of "the womanly woman" and the feminist. With the feminist and even more than the chivalric adorer of the "lady" in the home, the believer in coeducation takes it for granted that the world needs women equipped with all the clearness of vision, the elasticity of mind, and the strength of purpose which education may be able to give them. Any advocate of coeducation can also agree with feminists that, socially viewed, women today are social laggards who need special training in social responsibility. Woman's intellectual leadership has indeed consisted thus far mainly in holding fast to tried truths; her share in conceiving or shaping new desires and purposes has been small. More women than men hold today by "whatever is" as right.

Finally the advocate of coeducation agrees with the feminist in seeing what the conservative denies: our world does ask for another type of woman. The political law of most of the western world calls women to citizen service.

Indeed, the complaints of the chivalrous and the reactionary of both sexes notwithstanding, the conduct of woman is actually different today. For better, for worse, woman does not behave as she did a generation ago. Our world throws men and women together. In benevolent endeavor, in church life, school affairs, political and economic activity, men and women deliberate side by side as private persons, as public servants. Even Turkey, China, Japan are abandoning the separation of the sexes; paternalism and the canons of chivalry yield to a new balance.

It follows that the new generation of women certainly require even more than any special stock of facts, a mental discipline to enable them to cope with new circumstance. The main instruments by which to train for life's realities are good libraries and well-equipped laboratories for research in the natural and social sciences, not too far separated from the experience and the observation of life. Only the coeducational university furnishes these

two classes of training. Libraries and laboratories are expensive. All the equipment by which men search and search again for truth costs. Therefore it is not obtainable where endowment and income are small. Blink the facts and it is possible to believe the experiment of women's colleges has no handicaps in this regard. Look reality in the face and crucial limitations appear persistent.

First, the ablest scholars are in great coeducational universities. With rare exception, they cannot be induced to stay in women's colleges. There may be less worthy reasons, but the absence of equipment is surely one notable reason. The endowments available for women's colleges have not ordinarily been large enough to pay the high price of the most characteristic and important attributes of university education, large libraries and ample laboratories that all students need, women especially.

This puts them in second place, for university life without research is a travesty. Unless organized to stimulate an habitual quest for truth and to permit a trial of the methods for doing it, college life is a mere prolongation of secondary education. Students over twenty years of age are more harmed than helped by classroom instruction and lecture work when unaccompanied by their own personal observations and decisions in library and laboratory. A daily round that gathers students in classrooms, there to absorb large doses of facts methodically presented, then periodically regurgitated on blue books, is university life in name only.

On such terms school is the mere "leisure" which the word originally meant, and as demoralizing as any other leisure used narrowly or at the expense of purposive effort. Yet it is a platitudinous fact that pecuniary limitations force many coeducational colleges and most women's colleges to substitute lecture rooms where hard-boiled stocks of facts are doled out to somnolent youth, for the library, the laboratory, and the experimental investigation that make a true university. Penury, ignorance, or narrowness make many coeducational colleges, as well as women's colleges, such centers of dogmatic teaching. But, pro-

portionately speaking, the handicap applies most widely to women's colleges. That is the point of importance.

But the essential argument in favor of coeducation really belongs outside questions of curriculum. The young of both sexes must of course be inspired to add to scientific knowledge about nature and human society. Thus only can we protect and improve civilization. Educated men and women are wanted as cornerstones in the social structure. By these truths we argue for education but not necessarily for coeducation. If society were willing to pay the price, scholars, books, and laboratories might be provided for young men and young women separately. The contention here is, however, that society should not pay this price because separate education is socially inexpedient.

A broad and generous education includes knowledge of mankind as he is, as well as acquaintance with his past. At best, the classroom can furnish only indirect information about human nature. Such knowledge comes best in "college activities." Now the glory of the modern American coeducational college lies perhaps most in this, that it substitutes "college activities" with its training in human affairs, for the wasteful leisure-time excesses whereby too many European students still fail to get anything but a degree, sometimes not even a degree, from a college career.

In college activities powers for social responsibility are quickened and ripened. In coeducational colleges these college activities give both sexes the additional advantage of training in straightforward relations with each other. Strengthened by the new outlook on life gained daily in laboratory, library, and classroom, young men and women together organize committees on journalism, the drama, music, athletics, debate, politics, charitable endeavor, club life, devious relations with alumni and with the outside world. Any campus of a great coeducational college is an intricate web of associations claiming brain-power and loyalty from each member of many groups. So is life. The pressing social need is for men and for women thus trained and trained together.

THE CASE FOR COEDUCATION

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Shall university life prepare for the ways of today or the custom of yesterday? Evidently the former. University life has often been sharply criticized because it has been supposed to do the latter. Colleges have been cloisters: some still are. But a great university like the University of Paris in the middle ages, or any one of our own great American universities today, is more aptly likened to a market place. Each student plans for his own future; a few for learning and the academic life; a few for self-indulgence or for rebellion against the common rule; most for a rapid rush to fortune and leadership in one or another of the world's many pursuits. In a word, the collegian today strives to include in a day's round of college life the embryo of those experiences that presently are to be met in the world. The undergraduate years at Harvard and Yale excepted, all great universities are now committed to some such scheme for training the sexes together. Each coeducational college is a great center of activity, where men and women mainly young, work, play, strive, organize for a "college life" that is not an anachronism as compared with the world outside, but a small and simplified projection of it in terms of youth.

Accelerated by steam, gas, and electricity, standardized by machinery, vowed to the principles of democracy and division of labor, facing embarrassing social issues that a clearer vision only sharpens, the world challenges its young to adapt itself swiftly to the terms of a new existence in it. Shall the universities remain mediæval cloisters, housing separately two sexes raised in ignorance of each other or worse still, in a morbid curiosity each about the other? Shall men, young and old, continue to speculate like closet philosophers of old, about the nature of women they do not know by actual acquaintance?

Society needs above all young men and young women trained to step out of college life to serviceable, sane living. If it is claimed that coeducation tempts the male interest, perhaps the female too, away from research to sex, the answer is: so will life. Unless the lesson of concentration is learned early, the temptations of later life will be more disastrous than those of college

years when temperament is still malleable and deans and student welfare committees call a halt without too serious a penalty. The remedy for a sex interest that submerges the other interests surely lies, where the situation is not morbid, in the commonplace of a daily contact between the sexes and not in sharpening sensibility by separation. Facing temptation makes stronger men and women than running away from it. Also temptation, like trouble, sometimes proves to be misnamed when looked squarely in the face.

Likewise, isolation will not train women to their contemporary task. The "co-ed's" share in the campus life may, as the feminist urges, be hampered by the precedence both sexes traditionally give to men and by the cherished demand for "feminine charm." But all society behaves this way. The "co-ed" may learn to overcome the handicap; the girl isolated in a separate college ignores it for four years of comfortable, easily-won superiority and then rudely disillusioned, is inexpert in meeting the real situation. Granted the disease, sex precedence, the issue lies in the remedy,—shall it be separation and a fool's paradise of security and precedence or shall it be habituation and training in facing daily irritants and handicaps that are part of our social heritage, weighing them, measuring them, and possibly at length surmounting them?

In theory and in practice, coeducation neither abolishes sex nor maintains any special order of sex relation. Unavoidably coeducation disciplines sex to the "instant need of things" and this is its best service, its *raison d'être*. Disturbing variations from Utopian codes of conduct, the bugaboos of their elders, become mere historical categories for young people habituated to work and play together daily. The discipline coeducation brings comes to the healthiest and busiest of both sexes almost without their knowledge. Trained together, the old Adam and Eve are like to find a new paradise wherein they may perhaps stay because neither blames the other, and both have learned to work together, even it may be, to seek the apple of knowledge together without the fatalities of the past.

MUSSOLINI

A Benevolent Tyrant?

By LLOYD MORRIS

FROM directing a Socialist newspaper and serving a term in prison because of his radical opinions, Mussolini has become a friend of the King, a friend of the Vatican, and a fervent champion of nationalism. In an interview granted to the writer of this article, the picturesque Dictator of Italy outlined the principles guiding his remarkable economic and political program, which has already been realized in part.

SOMEWHAT less than a year ago a ministerial crisis in Italy precipitated the resignation of the Italian cabinet. Simultaneously, an army of men in black shirts converged upon Rome. Forty-eight hours later, the leader of this army of rebellion, a short, muscular man with gleaming black eyes and a protruding lower jaw, was summoned by the King of Italy and officially requested to form a government. Thus was accomplished one of the most dramatic revolutions of modern times, a revolution perhaps unique in entailing neither bloodshed nor resistance. Ever since Mussolini's famous march on Rome, he has been the principal subject of political speculation in every important European capital.

In the beginning his natural taciturnity gave him a reputation for being enigmatic. Mussolini shrewdly seized upon this,—it is a political principle with him to accept the elements of an existing situation and build upon them,—and has carefully cultivated the impression. Europe, accustomed to political leaders who enunciate one set of principles and act upon another, was unprepared for a leader who acts first, and announces his reasons only afterward. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Mussolini's sudden and drastic occupation of Greek territory should leave the chief European powers in a state of indecision.

Nor is Mussolini's habitual taciturnity the sole cause for the prevailing speculation with which the Fascist regime is regarded in other European countries. Much of it is accounted for by the paradoxical aspects of the revolution itself. Recall that Fascism, which had as its express purpose the preservation of law and order and the extirpation of political and social radicalism, rapidly became a militant movement and ultimately came to open and effective rebellion against the constitutional authorities of Italy. Recall also that this armed revolt in the direction of conservatism was organized and led by a man who himself had been a pronounced radical in his political opinions and economic theories, and who had actually served a term in prison because of his opinions.

Consider too that this revolutionary government is today perhaps the most conservative in Europe, explicitly opposed to both democracy and internationalism as political theories, pledged to the preservation of a constitutional monarchy, yet willing, if necessary, to resort to unconstitutional means to fulfill its pledge. Is it strange, therefore, that Fascism should be variously considered reactionary, revolutionary, a coercive dictatorship of the minority, a democratic movement in that it expresses the deliberate hopes of the majority? Is it strange that Mussolini should be variously termed a political demagogue, a fortunate opportunist, a shrewd statesman, a megalomaniac, an inspired and unselfish idealist?

Yet in Italy there is little speculation concerning the Fascist régime, practically no effectively organized opposition to it and no doubt whatever as to the measure of its achievement during its brief term of power. In one direction Mussolini has virtually accomplished already what he set out to do: to destroy all party distinctions and unite the sentiment of the country in a single nationalistic movement. For today Fascism is a truly national movement.

That it has become a truly national movement is no less due to the ideals which it holds forth than to the practical results of its ascendancy. What these practical results are from Musso-

lini's point of view, he summed up for me concisely. Fascism, originating in 1919 when Italy was torn by political dissension, weakened by a severe economic depression and faced with a threatened collapse into Bolshevism, had succeeded in completely exterminating Bolshevism. Then, after formulating a concrete program of national reconstruction, it came into power as a government. Since its accession to power the Fascist government has completely reorganized the administration, greatly reducing the number of employes; it has begun a complete reorganization of the public services of communication and transportation with a similar object; it has taken steps to reduce to order the badly disorganized national finances; it has put into operation a program which has already resulted in a notable economic rehabilitation of the country. It is upon this last that the hopes of the Fascist leader are centered. To restore the national finances to normality, and to encourage production in every possible fashion, are the two main principles of his economic policy.

From other sources in the Fascist government I received detailed corroboration of each point. Mussolini's gospel of efficiency and his method of consolidation have worked admirable results in the administration. His reorganization of the government departments has eliminated many superfluous bureaus and legions of employes, with the result that every member of the government service is now working under pressure. In this Mussolini himself sets the example. He holds four official posts, being President of the Council, Minister of Foreign affairs, Minister of the Interior, and head of a commission dealing with aviation. Recently he consolidated into a new Ministry of National Economy the former ministries of Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor. To the head of this new department he called the most famous Italian expert in industrial physics, Mario Corbino, and as Corbino's assistant he appointed an equally famous authority upon agricultural economics, Arrigo Serpieri.

It is characteristic of Mussolini to choose technical experts

as members of his Cabinet, almost without reference to their political opinions and previous political experience. His Minister of Finance, Alberto De Stefani, was formerly professor of international finance in one of the Italian universities, and the leading authority upon that subject in Italy. His Minister of Education, Giovanni Gentile, is internationally famous as a philosopher, the colleague of Croce, and perhaps the most eminent of contemporary specialists in pedagogy. Upon each of these men he has imposed seemingly herculean tasks. His instructions to De Stefani were to make a drastic reduction in the national debt and to take steps to eliminate as rapidly as possible the enormous budgetary deficit with which the government was faced. Within six months the deficit was reduced by 2,813,000,000 lire or some \$126,000,000.

To Gentile has fallen the task of initiating a thorough and far-reaching reform of elementary education in all government schools. To another member of the administration was entrusted the problem of reorganizing the railways, with the result that forty thousand employes, or almost one-fifth of the total number employed, have been dispensed with. Today the railways have regained their normal efficiency and their tremendous operating deficit is being wiped out.

That Mussolini has accomplished such signal practical reforms within so short a space of time is due almost exclusively to his political realism. His philosophy, and the philosophy of Fascism, is to develop the elements of any given situation into an ideal principle. How this has affected the ideals of the Fascist movement will be explained presently, but before turning to that aspect of the matter I should like to give one illustration of its practical application.

Immediately after the revolution Mussolini found himself confronted by determined opposition from two quarters: the radical labor organizations and the Popular, or Catholic, party. Italy had for two years been suffering from industrial depression; strikes had occurred in practically every industry; production was virtually at a standstill. Mussolini addressed him-

self to the task of changing this condition of affairs. National unions, under direct supervision of the government, were organized for all labor engaged in government work. An exceedingly effective system of arbitration of industrial disputes was created. The legitimate interests of labor were safeguarded in every possible way. Then Mussolini announced his cardinal principle that class or sectional representation in government is not only unnecessary but incompatible with the ideal of national unity. The effect has been striking. Labor has found that it no longer requires political organization for the defence of its claims, and political opposition has practically disappeared. Meanwhile, after years of protracted disturbance in all fields of industry, strikes have been completely eliminated and industrial production is today unimpeded.

Mussolini's tactics as regards the Popular party were no less direct. The prestige of the party has always derived from its support of the claims of the Vatican and from the general belief that its program and its policies have been initiated or approved by the Vatican. Its leader, Don Sturzo, himself a priest, was Mussolini's most bitter critic and violent opponent. But Mussolini's plans do not comprehend any division between Fascism and Catholicism. Rather, as will be presently explained, they contemplate a union of these forces. Therefore, he has made every attempt to conciliate the Vatican. Membership in the Fascismo has been made impossible to all members of Masonic organizations. Under the projected educational reform, religious instruction is to be reintroduced into the government schools. A valuable theological library of great antiquity, which came into the possession of the Italian government when it purchased the Chigi Palace in Rome for quarters for the Foreign Office, was by a vote of the Council of Ministers offered as a gift to the Vatican, and officially accepted.

So successful was Mussolini's policy of deliberate conciliation, that in July the Vatican issued an explicit official denial of its accepted connection with the Popular Party which effectively discredited that organization and precipitated the

resignation from Parliament of its leader, Don Sturzo. The consequences of this wholly unexpected action of the Vatican have been, first to destroy Catholic opposition to the Fascist movement, and then to give ground for the possible realization of a tacit cooperation between the Fascist government and the Vatican.

It is not the practical achievements of the Fascist movement, but its ideals, which have captured the Italian imagination. In the last analysis Mussolini's conquest of the spirit of the people has been determined by the fact that he has offered them a positive ideal and a method of encompassing its realization. He conceives Italy as entrusted with a world mission; he believes, with an almost mystic fervor, that through a spiritual regeneration of the national life Italy may enjoy a destiny as magnificent and as glorious as its past. I have mentioned the realistic philosophy of Fascism, the theory which, accepting actual conditions, develops them into an ideal principle. The conditions which Mussolini has accepted and which he envisages as the ideals of Fascism are purely historic. For him Fascism has its roots in the two great epochs of Italian national history: the Roman empire of antiquity, and the Holy Roman empire of the middle ages. In his opinion the Fascist movement represents not only the continuation, but the fusion of these great traditions.

It is for this reason, realizing that the perpetuation of tradition is a matter of education, that the reform of education has been given such serious study by his government. The reforms which will be inaugurated in the Italian public schools this year have as their object, in part at least, the dissemination of a national culture. Latin, heretofore an elective subject in the elementary schools, is being restored to the position of a required study. Religious instruction by the Catholic clergy, long abandoned in all government schools, is to be reinaugurated. It is not enough that Italian children shall study Roman and Italian history; to feel as Italians, so Mussolini believes, they must actively share in the heritage of national culture. Therefore they are to be subjected to the discipline of two great

streams of culture: the civic consciousness of Rome as expressed in Latin literature, and the tradition of the Church.

Furthermore, that the sentiment of patriotism may be carefully nurtured, all sessions of the government schools are begun with patriotic exercises, including always the salute of the flag. Nor is the projected reform of education exclusively concerned with the inculcation of a national culture surviving in an historic heritage. A complete reorganization of scientific and technical study is under way in Italy which will have the effect of providing, in all scientific and technical branches, far greater opportunities for laboratory experiment and practical investigation than have yet obtained. What the new educational measures contemplate is the creation of a national consciousness integrated in tradition, responsive to and controlling its immediate political and physical environment.

Although Fascism draws from the past, therefore, it looks toward the future. Intellectually it derives much from the sporadic protest against the domination of the past expressed some years ago in Marinetti's doctrine of futurism. Marinetti complained that Italians were obsessed by a sense of their inability to equal the glory of their own past, and that this obsession was rapidly vitiating the energies of the nation. His solution, which he attempted to carry into the arts, was a complete liquidation of all tradition and the substitution therefor of creative originality. Mussolini's solution has, at least, the merit of greater intelligibility. He would have the Italy of today draw its inspiration from the high achievement of its past, and resolve to equal that past in achievement.

It is to the ideal of a national and racial future that, in principle, all the energies of Fascism are bent. The active war which Fascism has waged upon all forms of internationalism is explained by this philosophy. The political theories of liberalism and of democracy find no favor with it, because in them it recognizes a fundamental international outlook. The essential doctrine of Fascism is racial and national self-consciousness, a doctrine which has received ample exposition in the writings

of Gentile and Croce, and which, in its political implications, is finding expression in the policies of the present government.

It is because he feels the cultivation of this racial and national consciousness a prerequisite to the restoration of Italy to the position of a great nation, that Mussolini is determined to abolish all party and sectional cleavages with respect to the internal affairs of the nation. To do away with all political parties, to absorb into the Fascist movement the best intelligence of the country, to make Fascism a unified and compact organization coherently laboring for the creation of a great and powerful Italy, is the task upon which he has embarked.

Mussolini himself has frequently emphasized his interpretation of Fascism as a doctrine of national spiritual renaissance, and there is little doubt that it is this interpretation which has fired the imaginations of the intellectuals who have become associated with the Fascist movement. It is only, perhaps, a sense of the profound value of the reintegration of the nation which is being accomplished in Italy at the present moment that reconciles them to the methods by which it is being accomplished. That Mussolini is today the dictator of Italy they readily admit; that he is dictator by the express will of the people they implicitly believe. And if his phenomenal personal popularity among all classes of the Italian people is a competent criterion, they are very likely right in their belief.

Mussolini has succeeded in evoking an incredible loyalty which verges upon idolatry. The attitude of a very large proportion of the population of Italy is expressed in the closing words of a proclamation to the Fascisti of Italy issued by the National Council of Fascismo last July: "The leader who has guided us from 1919 until today is securely and inflexibly at his post of command . . . We have obeyed him, we are obeying him, and we shall continue to obey him blindly, through life and death, because he is dominated by a single passion only, which is our passion also: the greatness of our country!" With such unquestionable loyalty behind him, Mussolini today is uniquely in a position to bring his ideals to effective realization.

POST MORTEM—ANNE BOLEYN

By C. MACLAURIN

THAT Henry VIII was not quite as bad as he has been painted, and that Anne Boleyn was probably a good deal worse, is the contention of an Australian surgeon who makes a specialty of conducting post mortem examinations of historical characters. In the light of modern medical knowledge and after investigating all available records bearing on the king's relations with his various wives, Dr. MacLaurin comes to startling conclusions and states them with an amazing nonchalance.

THERE is something Greek, something akin to *Œdipus* and *Thyestes*, in the tragedy of Anne Boleyn. It is difficult to believe, as we read it, that we are viewing the actions of real people subject to passions violent indeed yet common to those of mankind, and not the creatures of a nightmare. Yet I believe that the conduct of the three protagonists, Henry, Catherine, and Anne, can all be explained if we appreciate

the facts and interpret them with the aid of a little medical knowledge and insight. Let us search for this explanation. Needless to say we shall not get it in the strongly Bowdlerized sketches that most of us have learnt at school.

Henry succeeded to the throne, nineteen years of age, handsome, rather free-living, full of *joie-de-vivre*, charming and with every promise of greatness and happiness. He died at fifty-five, unhappy, worn down with illness, at enmity with his people, with the Church, and with the world in general, leaving a memory in the popular mind of a murderous concupiscence that has become a byword. About the time that he was a young man, syphilis, which is supposed to have been introduced by Columbus' men, ran like a whirlwind through Europe. Hardly anyone seemed to have escaped, and it was said that even the Pope upon the throne of St. Peter went the way of most other people, though it is possible that this accusation was as unreliable as many other

accusations against the popes. Be that as it may, the foundations were then laid for that syphilization which has transformed the disease into its present mildness. It is impossible to doubt that Henry contracted it in his youth; the evidence will become clear to any doctor as we proceed.

The first act of his reign was to marry for political reasons Catherine of Aragon, who was the widow of his elder brother Arthur. She was daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and, though far from beautiful, proved herself to possess a great and noble soul and a courage of well-tempered steel. The English people took her to their hearts, and when unmerited misfortune fell upon her never lost the love they had felt for her when she was a happy young woman. Though she was six years older than Henry, the two lived happily together for many years. Seven months after marriage Catherine was delivered of a daughter, still-born. Eight months later she had a son, who lived three days. Two years later she had a still-born son. Nine months later she had a son, who died in early infancy, and eighteen months afterwards the infant was born who was to live to be Queen Mary. Henry was intensely disappointed, and for the first time turned against his wife.

It was all important to produce an heir to the throne, for it was thought that no woman could rule England. No woman had ever ruled England, save only Matilda, and her precedent was not alluring. So Henry longed desperately for a son; nevertheless as the little Mary grew up,—a sickly child,—he became passionately devoted to her. She grew up, as one can see from her well-known portrait, probably an hereditary syphilitic. For a time Henry had thought of divorcing Catherine, but his affection for Mary probably turned the scale in her mother's favor. Catherine had several more miscarriages, and by the time she was forty-two ceased to menstruate; it became clear that she could never produce an heir to the throne.

During these years Henry's morals had been no worse than those of any other prince in Europe; certainly better than Louis XIV and XV, who were to come after him, or Charles II. He

met Mary Boleyn, daughter of a rich London merchant, and made her his mistress. Later on he met Anne Boleyn, her sister, a girl of sixteen, and fell in love. We have a very good description of her, and several portraits. She was of medium stature, not handsome, with a long neck, wide mouth, bosom "not much raised," eyes black and beautiful and a knowledge of how to use them. Her hair was long, and it appears that she used to wear it long and flowing in the house. It was not so very long since Joan of Arc had been burnt largely because she went about without a wimple, and Mistress Anne's conduct with regard to her hair was probably worse in those days than for a girl to be seen smoking cigarettes when driving a motor-car today. At any rate, she acquired demerit by it, and everybody was on the look-out for more serious false steps.

The truth seems to be that she was a bold and ambitious girl who laid herself out to capture Henry, and succeeded. Mary Boleyn was thrust aside, and Henry paid violent court in his own enormous and impassioned way to Anne. We have some of his love letters; there can be no doubt of his sincerity, or that his love for Anne was, while it lasted, the great passion of his life. Had she behaved herself she might have retained that love. She repulsed him for several years, and we can see the idea of divorce gradually growing in his mind. He appealed to Pope Clement VII to help him. Catherine defended herself bravely, and stirred Europe in her cause. The Pope hesitated, crushed between the hammer and the anvil, between Henry and the Emperor Charles V.

Henry discovered that his marriage with Catherine had come within the prohibited degrees, and that she had never been his wife at all. It was a matter of doubt then,—and I believe still is,—whether the Pope's dispensation could acquit them of mortal sin. Apparently even his Holiness' influence would not have been sufficient to counter-balance the crime of marrying his deceased brother's widow; nevertheless it was rather remarkable that, if Henry were really such a stickler for the forms of canon law as he now wished to make out, he never troubled to raise

the question until after he had fallen in love with some one else. He definitely promised Anne that he would divorce Catherine, marry Anne, and make her Queen of England.

Secure in his promise, Anne yielded to her lover, seeing radiant visions of glory before her. How foolish would any girl be who let slip the chance,—nay, the certainty,—of being the Queen! Yet she was to discover that even queens can be bitterly unhappy. Anne sprang joyfully into the unknown, as many a girl has done before her and since, trusting to her power to charm her lover; and became pregnant. Meanwhile the struggle for the divorce proceeded, the Pope swaying this way and that, and Catherine defending her honor and her throne with splendid courage. The nurses and astrologers declared that the foetus was a son, and the lovers, mad with joy, were married in secret, divorce or no divorce. The obliging Archbishop Cranmer pronounced that the marriage with Catherine was null and void,

The time came for Anne to fulfil her promise and provide an heir. King and queen anticipated the event in the wildest excitement. There had been several lovers' quarrels, which had been made up in the usual manner; once Henry was heard to say passionately that he would rather beg his bread in the streets than desert her. Yet it is doubtful whether Anne Boleyn was ever anything more than an ambitious courtesan; it is doubtful whether she ever felt anything towards him but her natural wish to be queen. In due course her baby was born, and it was a girl,—the girl who afterwards became Queen Elizabeth.

Henry's disappointment was tragic, and for the first time Anne began to realize the terror of her position. She was detested by the people and the Court, who were emphatically on the side of the noble woman whom she had supplanted. She had estranged everybody by her vain-glory and arrogance in the hour of her triumph; and it began to be whispered that even if her own marriage were legal while Catherine was still alive, yet it was illegal by the canon law, for Mary Boleyn, her sister, had been Henry's wife in all but name. Canonically speaking, Henry had done no better by marrying her than Catherine.

A horrible story went around that he had been familiar with her mother first, and that Anne was his own daughter, and moreover that he knew it. I think we can definitely and at once put this aside as an ecclesiastical lie; there is absolutely no evidence for it and it is impossible to conceive two persons more unlike than the little lively brunette and the great fresh-faced "bluff King Hal." Moreover, Henry denied the story absolutely, and whatever else he was, he was a man who was never afraid to tell the truth. Most of the difficulties in understanding this complex period of our history disappear if we believe Henry's own simple statements; but these suffer from the incredulity which Bismarck found three hundred years later when he told his rivals the truth.

After Elizabeth was born, the tragedy began to move with terrible impetus towards its climax. Henry developed an intractable ulcer on his thigh, which persisted till his death, and frequently caused him severe agony whenever the sinus closed. He became corpulent, the result of over-eating and over-drinking. He had been immensely worried for years over the affair of Catherine; as a result his blood-pressure seems to have risen, so that he was affected by frightful headaches, which often incapacitated him from work for days together. He gave up the athleticism which had distinguished his resplendent youth, aged rapidly, and became a harassed, violent, ill-tempered middle-aged man,—not at all the sort of man to turn into a cuckold.

Yet this is precisely what Anne did. Less than a month after Elizabeth was born,—while she was still in the puerperal state,—she solicited Sir Henry Norreys, the most intimate friend of the King, to be her lover. A week later, on October 17th, 1533, he yielded. During the next couple of years Anne seems to have gone absolutely out of her senses, if the contemporary stories are true. She seems to have solicited several prominent men of the Court, and even to have stooped to one of the musicians; worst of all, it was said that she had committed incest with her brother, Lord Rocheford.

Nor did she behave with the ordinary consideration for the feelings of others that might have brought her hosts of friends,—

remember, she was a queen!—should the time ever come when she should need them. It does not require any great amount of civility on the part of a queen to win friends. Arrogant and overbearing, she estranged everybody at Court; she acted like a beggar on horseback, and was left without a friend in the place. And she, who owed her husband such a world, behaved towards him with the same arrogance she showed to others, and in addition jealousy, both concerning other women whom she feared and concerning the King's beloved daughter, Mary. She spoke to the Duke of Norfolk,—her uncle on the mother's side, and one of the greatest peers of the realm,—“like a dog”; as he turned away he muttered that she was *une grande putain*. The most polite interpretation of the French word is “strumpet.” When the Duke used such a word to his own niece, what sort of reputation must have been gathering about her?

She had two more miscarriages. After the second the King's fury flamed out, and he told her plainly that he deeply regretted having married her. He must have indeed been sorry; he had abandoned a good woman for a bad; for her he had quarrelled with the Pope and with many of his subjects; whatever conscience he had must have been tormenting him,—all these things for the sake of an heir, which seemed as hopelessly unprocurable as ever. Both the women seemed affected by some fate which condemned them to perpetual miscarriages; this fate, of course, was Henry's own syphilis, even supposing that neither wife had contracted it independently.

Meanwhile all sorts of scandalous rumors were flying about; and finally a maid of honor, whose chastity had been impugned, told a Privy Councillor that no doubt she herself was no better than she should be, but that at any rate her Majesty Queen Anne was far worse. The Privy Councillor related this to Thomas Cromwell; he, the rumors being thus focussed, dared to tell the King. Henry changed color, and ordered a secret inquiry to be held. At this inquiry the ladies of the bedchamber were strictly cross-examined, but nothing was allowed to happen for a few days, when a secret commission was appointed, consisting of the

Chancellor, the judges, Thomas Cromwell, and other members of the Council. Sir William Brereton was first sent to the Tower, then the musician Smeaton. Next day there was a tournament at Greenwich, in the midst of which Henry suddenly rose and left the scene, taking Norreys with him. Anne was brought before the Commission next day, and committed to the Tower, where she found that Sir Francis Weston had preceded her. Lord Rocheford, her brother, joined her almost immediately on the charge of incest.

The Grand Juries of Kent and Middlesex returned true bills on the cases, and the Commission drew up an indictment, giving names, places, and dates for every alleged act. The four commoners were put on trial at Westminster Hall. Anne's father, Lord Wiltshire, though he volunteered to sit, was excused attendance, since a verdict of guilty against the men would necessarily involve his daughter. Smeaton the musician confessed under torture; the other three protested their innocence, but were found guilty and were sentenced to death. Thomas Cromwell, in a letter, said that the evidence was so abominable that it could not be published.

Anne was next brought to trial before twenty-five peers of the realm, her uncle the Duke of Norfolk being in the chair. Probably, if the story just related were true, the Duke's influence would not be exerted very strongly in her favor, and she was convicted and sentenced to be hanged or burnt at the King's pleasure; her brother was tried separately and also convicted. It is said that her father and uncle concurred in the verdict; they may have been afraid of their own heads. On the other hand, it is possible that Anne was really guilty; unfortunately the evidence has perished. The five men were executed on Tower Hill in the presence of the woman, whose death was postponed from day to day. In the meantime Henry procured his divorce from her, while Anne, in a state of violent hysteria, continuously protested her innocence.

On the night before her execution she said that the people would call her "*Queen Anne sans tête*," laughing wildly as she

spoke. If one pronounces these words in the French manner, without verbal accent, they form a sort of jingle, as who should say "ta-ta-ta-ta"; and this foolish jingle seems to have run in her head, as she kept repeating it all the evening; and she placed her fingers around her slender neck,—almost her only beauty,—saying that the executioner would have little trouble, as though it were a great joke. These things were put to the account of her light and frivolous nature, and have probably weighed heavily with posterity in attempting to judge her case; but it is clear that they were merely manifestations of hysteria. Joan of Arc, whose character was probably the direct antithesis of Anne Boleyn's, laughed when she heard the news of her reprieve. Some people think she laughed ironically, as though a very simple peasant-girl could be ironical if she tried! Irony is a quality of the higher intelligence.

But cannot a girl be allowed to laugh hysterically for joy? Or cannot Anne Boleyn be allowed to laugh hysterically for grief and terror without being called light and frivolous? So little did her contemporaries understand the human heart. A few years later came one Shakespeare, who could have told King Henry differently; and the extraordinary burgeoning forth of the English intellect in William Shakespeare is one of the most wonderful things in our history. Before the century had terminated in which Anne Boleyn had been considered light and frivolous because she had laughed in the shadow of the block, Shakespeare had plumbed the depths of human nature.

Anne was beheaded on May 19th, 1536, in the Tower, on a platform covered thickly with straw, in which lay hidden a broadsword. The headsman was a noted expert brought over specially from St. Omer, and he stood motionless among the gentlemen onlookers until the necessary preliminaries had been completed. Then, Anne kneeling in prayer and her back being turned towards him, he stole silently forward, seized the sword from its hiding-place, and severed her slender neck at a blow. As she had predicted, he had little trouble, and she never saw either her executioner or the sword that slew her. Her body

and severed head were bundled into a cask, and were buried within the precincts of the Tower; and Henry threw his cap into the air for joy. On the same day he obtained a special dispensation to marry Jane Seymour. He married her the next day.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, writing seventy years later, narrates the ghastly story with very little feeling one way or the other. Apparently the legend of Anne's innocence and Henry's blood-lust had not yet arisen. The verdict of any given historian appears to depend upon whether he favors the Protestants or the Catholics. Speaking as a doctor with very little religious preference one way or the other, the following considerations appeal strongly to myself. If Henry wished to get rid of a barren wife,—barren through his own syphilis!—as he undoubtedly did, then Mark Smeaton's evidence alone was enough to hang any queen in history from Helen downward, especially if taken in conjunction with the infamous stories related by the "Unknown Spaniard."

Credible or not, these stories show the reputation that attached to the plain little Protestant girl who could not provide an heir to the throne,—the sort of reputation which mankind usually attaches to a woman who, by unworthy means, has attained to a high position. Why should the King and Cromwell, both exceedingly able men, gratuitously raise the questions of incest and promiscuity and send four innocent men to their deaths absolutely without reason? Why should they raise all the tremendous family ill-will and public repobation which such an act of bloodthirsty tyranny would have caused? Stern as they were, they never showed any sign of mere blood-lust at any other time; and the facts that Anne's father and uncle both appear to have concurred in the verdict, and that, except for her own denial, there is not a word said in her favor, seems to require a great deal of explanation.

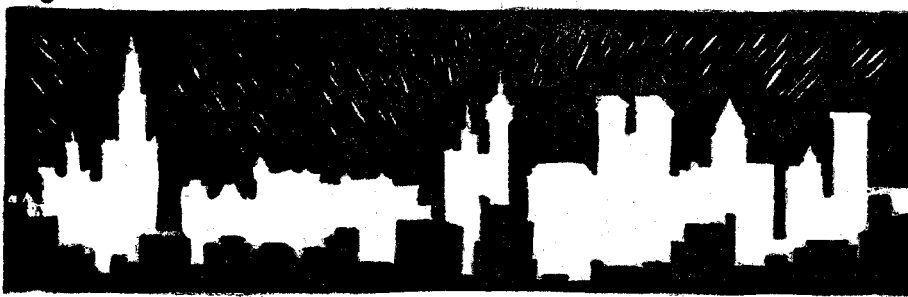
We can thoroughly explain her conduct by supposing that she was afflicted by hysteria and nymphomania. There are plenty of accounts of unhappy women whose cases are parallel to Anne's in the works of Havelock-Ellis and Kisch. There

is plenty of indubitable evidence that she was hysterical and unbalanced, and that she passionately longed for a son; and it is simpler to believe her the victim of a well-known and common disease than that we should suppose the leading statesmen of England and nearly the whole of its peerage suddenly to be affected with blood-lust.

It has been suggested that Anne, passionately longing for a son and terrified by her husband's tyrannical wrath, acted like one of Thomas Hardy's heroines centuries later and tried another lover in the hope that she would gratify her own and Henry's wishes. This course of procedure is probably not so uncommon as some husbands imagine, and would satisfy the questions of our problem but for Anne's promiscuity and vehemence in solicitation. If her sole object in soliciting Norreys was to provide a son, why should she have gone from man to man till the whole Court seems to have been ringing with her ill fame?

Her spasms of violent temper after her marriage, her fits of jealousy, her foolish arrogance and insolence to her friends, are all mental signs which go with nymphomania, and the fact that her post-nuptial incontinence seems to have begun while she was still in the puerperal state after the birth of her only living child seems highly significant. It is not uncommon for sexual desire to become intolerable in nervous and puerperal women. The proper place for Anne Boleyn was a mental hospital.

Henry VIII's case, along with those of his children, deserve a paper to themselves. Henry himself died of neglected arteriosclerosis just in the nick of time to save the lives of better men from the executioner; Catherine Parr, who married him probably in order to nurse him,—it is possible that she was really fond of him and that there was even then something attractive about him,—succeeded in outliving him by a remarkable effort of diplomatic skill and courage, though had Henry awakened from his uræmic stupor, probably her head would have been added to his collection. On the whole, one cannot avoid the conclusion that his conduct to his wives was not all his fault.



DO OUR BUILDINGS INTERPRET US?

By H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE

DO American buildings interpret American ideals? An authority on the subject says that while we may live in the midst of a phantastic assortment of architectural styles oblivious of their meaning, they will reveal to posterity the haste and confusion of our epoch. He believes that a definitely American type of architecture is being evolved which will express the ideals of the type of citizen being evolved from the present fusion of races and traditions.

WHAT does architecture mean to Americans? Are they, a people who have built more in a given time than any other nation on record, indifferent to this greatest of all the arts? In spite of being a nation of builders, is the true significance of architecture as the expression of their national soul sealed from them? Is there not perhaps so much architecture all about them

that they take it as a natural phenomenon, as they would mountain, plain, or forest? Of the thousands insensitive to natural beauty it is notorious that the greater number live in the country; it seems possible that the dweller in cities, who sleeps and eats and works in architecture, walks and rides through endless streets formed by and framed in it, takes it in much the placid and unexcited spirit of his country cousin daily confronted by the marvelous scenic decoration of the stage upon which he plays out his life.

The architect is prone to deplore the public apathy in the presence of veritable miracles of conception, ingenuity, erudition, product of long years of study sustained upon a poor man's

bread. But he should reflect that these long years of application have brought him merely to the threshold of the temple of art, merely to the fringes of the veil that shrouds the beauty he adores and serves; why then should he repine because his fellow beings, otherwise occupied, do not deeply understand that to which he has devoted his whole life without coming to full understanding? I believe it unlikely that there ever will be a very general appreciation of art, and particularly of the art of architecture. And I do not believe that there ever *has* been in any civilization that has preceded ours, with the possible and still doubtful exception of that of Athens, whose citizens, a very small body, had nothing to do when they were not fighting with their neighbors but give their whole time to matters of public and intellectual interest.

The truth is that architecture is too abstract to be readily understood by the laity; its inner meanings are too technical, the terms it must employ are not clear to the general. Painting and sculpture are much more easily apprehended because of their natural and human content or their representational subject matter. But the language of void and solid, of wall and opening, of moulding and ornament, of thrust and counter-thrust, of functional and structural expressiveness, are locked in a book to which few outside the artistic professions possess the key. The reader is by no means to understand from this that he may never hope to comprehend architecture in any measure; the basic principles of design are the same in all the arts; and anyone capable of analyzing a work of music or literature, of tracing out its plan and structure, balance and rhythm, may apply a similar analysis to an architectural design and arrive at a very fair estimate of its nature and worth. Let the layman beware however of that little knowledge which is such a dangerous thing; I betray no professional secret when I say that the architect who has given forty or fifty years of thoughtful study to his art is far humbler and more reverent in spirit than is the youth just leaving school or entering practice.

If the sensitive designer should lift up his voice in lamenta-

tion and throw dust upon his head because the string course he has placed and designed with so much passionate care should fail of due appreciation by the public, let him ask his fellow architect to read him the meaning of that string course. It is safe to say that the howls of the sensitive one will echo in the courts of Heaven, and whirling clouds of dust hide him and his sorrow from an obtuse world. He expects too much. How many readers of these words can accurately describe a string course or point one out upon the nearest building? And how is one to read the inner meaning of something whose identity is unknown?

But, if his building fails to convey a large general message, the architect fails; it must express its purpose, even when the architect is not present to explain it, and its character must be expressive of that purpose, grave or gay, simple or complex; this general character is all the layman has the time, the patience, or even the interest, to perceive. It is with architecture as with language; the merest navvy will not understand a tithe of the words of a learned and eloquent speech, but he can feel the general splendor to which those words contribute, feel the passion behind them, and be lifted beyond himself by their music and their rhythm. And it is with the larger terms of eloquence that the architect must make plain the large and fundamental things to plain people.

What is the meaning of architecture in itself? Fundamentally, it is the expression of the civilization that gives it birth. The artist is always, struggle against it as he may, in the grasp of the spirit of his time. He cannot escape revealing himself, his time, and the qualities of the society of which he is a part. Stern simplicity, love of beauty, dread of death, pride or pomposity, aspiration, vulgarity, refinement,—the art of an epoch and a people is the faithful mirror of its controlling characteristics. Is American architecture revealing us and our ideals to posterity? We may be perfectly assured that it is, with pitiless, inexorable accuracy. It would well repay the public to try to understand more clearly this silent recorder that at once protects

and exposes us,—protects us from the elements and exposes us to future generations.

When we express a desire for an architecture that shall be truly American, and an impatience with our artists that they do not immediately produce it like a rabbit from a hat, are we quite sure that the architecture we have is not, after all, American, that is to say, as the adjective implies, an architecture that is expressive of our present state of civilization, cultivation, and development?

We peer into the melting-pot that is America and discern among the whirling eddys alien ingredients not yet fused and made a part of our body politic; and a never ceasing stream of immigration renewing the supply faster than they can be assimilated. We look about us, and our architecture exhibits similar characteristics. If we could throw it into some gigantic crucible we should see Grecian details of column and moulding, Roman vaults and arches, Egyptian walls, Romanesque *naïveté*, Byzantine mosaics, Persian and Roman domes, Mediæval picturesqueness, Classical formality, Renaissance ornament, Palladian motifs, the architecture of the Georges, the cold delicacies of the Brothers Adam, seething about, rising now into favor, sinking again as some new book is published and some more newly exploited architectural expression of some other race and day is added to the broth.

To use another figure, we pass daily on the street types that are distinctly European, or Asiatic, or African, swarthy or fair, tall and slender, squat and sturdy, Slavic, Teutonic, Gallic, Latin, Hebraic,—types from every corner of the world. This is the raw material out of which time and climate and conditions will evolve a blend that will be American; that is what happened in the case of the type we now recognize as such, and which is a blend of the Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, German, and Celtic strains that made up our earlier population. And the architecture we pass on Fifth Avenue or Main Street is, except in rare instances, just as foreign, just as unblended, as the unabsorbed races whose sons and daughters throng our streets.

Wherever we turn we see, side by side, buildings widely at variance in spirit, in quality, and I would add in type were it not that American design has not yet crystallized into types; vulgar ostentation ogles exquisite taste and restraint; robust scale elbows the delicate, the weak, or the puny; the thin and cheap grins beside the strong and substantial; flights of imagination are flanked by the drearily uninspired; poetry and the most sternly practical are close neighbors; cheap imitations of honest and durable materials are cheek by jowl with the real stone, real brick, and real metal, that shame their tawdry impudence. It is to be remarked that these are buildings erected within the same decade, many of them simultaneously.

When we go through an American city it does not tell a story of a period of vulgarity, another of good taste, another in which strength was preferred to delicacy, a fourth of dullness, a fifth full of poetry and imaginative fire. It reveals an epoch when these qualities exist side by side in a population less homogeneous than any recorded by history, unless it be Rome in her decadence. A homogeneous art cannot be expected in a non-homogeneous nation. The art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France was harmonious with the society that produced it because that society was agreed upon ideals or standards of taste and conduct. The most violently patriotic among us would hardly care to be obliged to support the thesis that Americans are agreed upon taste and conduct.

Is this confusion to be accounted for by the varied tastes of the nationalities that make up the mass of our population, who might wish to recall the familiar architecture of their homelands? Hardly, for in the main these elements are tenants, not owners and builders; those we consider Americans, of at least the second generation, constitute the building public. We must look elsewhere for a catholicity of taste that borders on the incoherent. It will be found chiefly in the training, and the point of view, curious but explicable and quite a new thing in the world, of the architects themselves. Occasionally a travelled or cultivated client may decide that he will have his house in a

certain historical style; but in the overwhelming majority of cases it is the architect who establishes the character of the building.

His training and the traditions of the American school, which all tend toward the imitative, are such that he does not think of architecture simply as architecture, but his mind goes instinctively first to the thing represented by a qualifying adjective such as French, Italian, Gothic, Elizabethan, Georgian, Roman, Greek. And he casts his design in a mould that is strongly reminiscent, to say the politest least, of one or more of these historical styles. He has studied them in school or office, and his library and the public libraries are full of general treatises and monographs upon every period and principal building in the world's history. Nearly everything in the world has been photographed, and new books come out every other day giving careful detail drawings of everything under the sun. Now, the conditions of American practice are such as to leave but little time for thought, for the slow maturing, the deliberate ripening of an idea. And seldom is there time enough allowed the architect to mould it into what we may call original, because it has been evolved from first principles by a recombination of the simple factors of wall and opening and the light-and-shade producing elements of design, wrought upon by the inexorable logic of proposed use and climatic conditions.

The architect, therefore, urged to it by an imperfect training or an imperfect ideal and the pressure of practice, takes in most instances the quickest road to a result and makes his design Greek, or Roman, or something else that his men may readily study out in detail from the documents of architectural history. This is adaptation, not creation; collation, not design. And this is why we perceive in the crucible we have used as a figure the architecture of all ages gaily bobbing about in a *ragout Américain*.

If we found low Italianate roofs in the Southern States where the snowfall is negligible, steep roofs like those of Northern France in the Northern tier, the patios of Spain in California

where the old Spanish tradition still has vitality, we might excuse the architect and his client for the adoption of definite alien forms on the ground that these forms are suitable and appropriate to the conditions of climate. But the simple laws of propriety are violated and the common sense of design defied daily from Eastport to San Diego. The patio, so delightful in its own climate, is forlornly filled with the snows of Maine, the low-pitched roofs of Italy groan under those of Upper New York, and the high pitches, whose function is to shed snow and water quickly, have nothing to do but look beautiful and highly inappropriate in the Sunny South.

All this would seem to be a rather severe arraignment of my profession; not so; I merely record these unquestionable facts. And to establish a balance, and in a measure to explain them, let us swiftly review the amazing progress of American architecture in the last forty years. In 1883 we were just emerging from the wooden villa with jig-sawed ornament in the gables, and graduating into the so-called Queen Anne cottage with metal sunflowers or finials on the gables, and shingles cut in patterns stained dull red and green and brown. There were very few architects in practice and most of them leaned upon a very faulty mid-Victorian formula of originality without roots, which condemned even the rational development of tradition.

Then came the Richardsonian period in public and semi-public buildings, an adaptation of the heavy Romanesque architecture of Southern France, decorated with ornament borrowed from Byzantine sources. This was the entering wedge of the movement that has been the benefit and the bane of American design, the use and abuse of historical precedent,—benefit in the sense that, our own architectural past being limited to the English and Dutch Colonial, models of foreign architecture of all periods have been set up at full size and in permanent materials for our architects to study; bane in the sense that the habit of adaptation and imitation has become fixed, and the most skillful borrowers receive the plaudits of profession and public.

Richardson and Richard M. Hunt were graduates of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, both big men highly trained. Stanford White and Charles F. McKim were assistants in Richardson's office; they traveled and sketched in Europe; the tradition was no longer English here, it had become Continental. Presently they took the lead and began to build adaptations of Italian buildings, following the original models as closely as might be. They acquired as wide a vogue as Richardson.

Then came the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893-4 and effected a revolution in architectural taste. Conceived in the Classical styles, vast in scale and dimension, the White City was a revelation of the beauty of antique architecture to the growing profession and to the American people. The influence of Richardson, who had recently died, perished almost overnight.

At this time men were beginning to come back from the Ecole des Beaux Arts trained in the science of plan, in which the practice of the day was notably weak. More and more men went abroad; in 1895 there were nearly one hundred Americans studying architecture in Paris. As they returned, they either joined the offices of older men who may not have had the advantage of French training, or entered independent practice, their minds full of the Modern French Renaissance then very naturally popular. Buildings in that style began to rise along our streets, and almost everyone, whether he had been trained in the underlying principles of the school or not, began to work in this vein, copying his contemporaries, just as the profession had copied Richardson's work instead of going back to the original sources of his robust inspiration. But McKim, Mead, White, and their school had been steadily pursuing their predilection for Italian Renaissance and Classical forms, moderate scale and marked restraint; and gradually the Beaux Arts men swung away from bulbous vulgarity to a refinement in detail that lost nothing in being the vesture of buildings based on a logical and rational plan.

In the meantime the country had developed with vertiginous speed, the steel skeleton had been invented,—America's real

contribution to the art of building thus far,—rapid building methods to meet the demand of investors for quick returns had been devised, and the building industry of the United States assumed its present stupendous proportions. Architectural schools sprang up all over the country. Great public buildings were to be built, and architects were called upon to cope with problems of unheard-of magnitude, complexity, and number.

In this terrific rush of building, from about 1900 until the beginning of the Great War, the science of plan and practical inventiveness may be said to have kept pace with the new problems. The comforts and conveniences of the American house, unique in the history of architecture, were evolved. The achievements of the American architect in the short span of a decade and a half are nothing less than astounding.

But there had been no time to design new and completely appropriate native envelopes for these new structures different in plan and construction from any in the past. So that we have a skeleton which is American and our own, which we drape in the oddments of detail from the European rag-bag, which we borrow from the books, because we have been too indolent or too driven, as the case may be, to develop new combinations of basic elements or devise logically expressive and beautiful forms.

Happily, there are many hopeful indications that the architectural profession in America is gradually assimilating the principles of design to be found in this flood of architectural material that has been pouring in faster than it could be rationally dealt with, and that we shall have at no very distant day an American architecture rational in plan and detail, firmly rooted in sound tradition, based upon a logical analysis of all conditions climatic and functional, eclectic in outward form in the best and truest sense because it will contain the best of all our incredibly rich heritage, fused, and wrought into a new beauty. It is being evolved under our very eyes from the conditions of American life, American ways, American demands for comfort, convenience, luxury, from the use of steel, from the laws regu-

lating the admission of light to city streets, compelling the upper stories to be set back, creating new masses and groupings.

That we may ever have one type of architecture in the North and the South, the East and the West, may Heaven forbend! That would be the negation of all architectural common sense. Meanwhile the architecture of America is inspiring and stimulating in its promise and its aspirational quality. Who can look upon lower New York in the misty dusk unmoved? The trivialities, the minor mistakes, disappear, and it floats mysteriously, superb, the fabric of a mighty dream shared by layman and artist alike.



OFFICIAL SCHOOLS OF CRIME

By GRANT MADISON HERVEY

HAVING served a sentence of four years in jail, a well-known Australian editor makes an impassioned plea for intelligent prison-reform. He maintains that prisons throughout the so-called civilized world are at present mere factories for the manufacturing of criminals and anarchists, and challenges American clergymen, editors, and legislators to make thorough investigation of the problem.

THE statement made by Mr. Edwin J. Cooley in the June FORUM, that five hundred thousand persons, annually, enter the prisons of America, and that one million men, women, and children appear, on various charges, in the courts of the United States each year, is one that challenges the attention of the world. It is far more than a mere American question. It is a world-problem. These figures reveal a direct challenge to the assumed soundness of our civilization. What is the good, for instance, of manufacturing expensive legislation in Congress, of producing subsidiary or local laws by the wholesale in forty-eight bicameral state legislatures, if America, simultaneously, and for all time, is manufacturing crooks, lawbreakers, Communists, Bolsheviks, and I know not what, in a thousand equally expensive penitentiaries and jails?

What is the good of operating a House of Commons and a House of Lords in England, if Dartmoor, Portland Prison, and various other British penitentiaries are working over-time, producing criminals and state-embittered agitators all the year round? Why not shut down all parliaments, congresses, and state legislatures for the term of one year, and let us have, before mankind, and in dead silence, a really practical, constructive world-conference on prison-reform?

I who write these challenging lines am myself an ex-convict. I have served a sentence of four years in Australian jails. I

went to prison, in 1915, chained like a slave in the midst of a gang of Chinamen and Russian Finns. And so I know what the State-aided, State-encouraged vice and degradation of prison means. I have been right through; I have been melted, heated, swaged, forged, banged, bloomed, and billeted in the penitential mill. It is a closed-hell process; far superior, in its sheer man-destroying capacity, to any human Bessemerizing process which the most up-to-date Siemens-Martinized churches of America, England, and Australia conduct, today, around religion's open hearth.

Frankly, the churches are bunk. And I who say so am not a fool-agnostic; I am a Bible-loving, Bible-reading, praying, aspiring, hoping, profoundly active and energetic religious man. But, during the four years that I spent in Australian prisons, I never met a clergyman who was not a coward, afraid to face the social crime behind the amazing prison-facts. And during the three or four years which have similarly elapsed, since I came out of the penitentiary, I have never met an Australian legislator, nor an editor, nor a preacher who dared to roll up his mental sleeves and go at this prison-question, open-eyed. They are all born cowards, moral quitters, fact-evaders, and speak-easies, every one. The whole world today, in fact, instead of being controlled on Lincoln's principle, is being managed by cowards for cowards. And in a spirit of funk, for nearly fifty years, instead of using it with real intelligence, for basic purposes of constructive social reform, the Carnegies, Rockefellers and others, fleeing towards the tall timber of the Hereafter, have been dropping the spoil.

Everywhere, since the clamorous teeth of the late Theodore Roosevelt rose above the American horizon, gifted men of all sorts, shapes, colors, and conditions, have been galloping up and down the earth, trying to stick an effective two-cent stamp upon the business end of an industrio-economic Vesuvius. The late Booker T. Washington, for instance, a distinguished American negro college-president, once cavorted over all Europe, from Italy to Russia, and from the heart of England to the red mills

of Paris, in search of the man lowest down. He could have found him within one hour, inside Atlanta jail.

But Mr. Washington, of course, being a sincere, a gifted, and an enthusiastic man, never thought of looking there. For it is so easy, so commonplace a thing to hike for the nearest penitentiary, and consult the heart and soul of some numbered slave,—black, white, or yellow,—inside. Great, gifted, enthusiastic people always crave for the thing that is fine, large, expensive, and spectacular; even if it proves that their own preconceived pet theories are wrong. Hence, after rushing and ramping over as much of Europe, approximately, as the late war covered with its human débris, Mr. Washington calmly returned to America, to make the disconcerting confession that the man lowest down was, after all,—woman!

And so she is. The spectacle of woman, clad in prison garb, behind the sombre walls of a penitentiary, is one of the saddest sights in the world. But it is not necessary to go to London, New York, Berlin, or Petrograd in order to observe that sight. It can be seen in all its hopeless misery in Sydney, in Edinburgh, in Boston, Columbus, and Chicago. And so, because I have seen it, because I am, in a certain very emphatic sense, the voice of humanity in the abyss, I stand up, boldly, in the pages of *THE FORUM*, over my own signature, and challenge the attention of the world.

Listen to me, America! An ex-convict has a piece to speak, as important as any message to Congress that the President will ever deliver. Will you not be courteous, and hear it now?

Ohio is an American State that has a confirmed habit of providing Presidents for the United States. Great in soldiers, great in statesmen, great in thought, great in education, Ohio has always considered her favorite sons to be well deserving of the Presidential pie. But let me ask a question. Since the State of Ohio was established, in 1803, how many professional criminals and breeders of discontent have been manufactured in its jails? How many citizens, since the State began, have entered its penitentiaries, for thirty days or over? And what became

of them, later on? That, I think, is the real question that challenges the pride or corporate vanity of Ohio. It would be a great relief if some worthy person, instead of stating for the manyth time how many sons of Ohio have entered the White House, would be kind enough to bring those figures before us.

Ohio is a great State. Its forty-one thousand square miles of territory contain a larger population than the entire Commonwealth of Australia. But how many convicts have its prisons contained, since Rufus Putnam launched the Mayflower of the Ohio? And what became of them in after life,—that is what I want to know. It is no good telling me, or America, that the late O. Henry learned his splendid technique, as a writer of short stories, in the State Penitentiary at Columbus. How many men, in that prison, did *not* learn to write? How many convicts, in Ohio, after their release, became social liabilities? That is the point, I modestly suggest, upon which it would be beneficial to have some light.

Ohio, I repeat, is a great State. It started off, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, with a population of forty-five thousand. It ended that century with a population of four million five hundred thousand; and it has gone on whooping up big and vital statistics ever since. But, during the last twenty years, how many of its citizens, male and female, have gone to jail? How many of them are in the penitentiaries of Ohio today? And what is happening to them, mentally, morally, and physically, right now? How many of them are becoming O. Henry's? how many of them plan upon their release, to specialize in short lengths of lead pipe and bombs?

I would be very glad, over here in Australia, to have some details about that. I would be very glad, and I am sure that all the people of America would be very glad, if all the earnest editors, legislators, and preachers of Ohio would form themselves into a Committee of Research, determined to discover just exactly how things stand, both quantitatively and qualitatively, in Ohio's jails. And if the earnest preachers, editors, and legislators of Illinois, New York, California, and Massa-

chusetts would do the same, and would let us have the real facts and figures, then the thing might pay. It might save the United States of America, for instance, the cost of a bloody revolution,—a thing that is likely, when a nation gets it bad, as happened in Russia, to cost millions of lives, as well as countless billions of dollars.

And that reminds me. Over in Russia, a good half century ago, a writer with an amazing technique appeared. His name was Feodor Dostoevsky, author of "Crime and Punishment," "The House of the Dead," and many other enduring Russian novels. Dostoevsky, like the celebrated O. Henry, learned his splendid literary technique in jail. He was seven years or thereabouts in a prison in Siberia, and then, when he came out, he started writing books,—books which precipitated the Russian Revolution.

People who talk of Lenin and Trotzky as the creators of that anarchic avalanche have no sense of psychological or historic proportion. Such men are simply the prominent social driftwood of their time, like the trunk of a fallen tree, or the distended carcass of a mule, floating toward the Gulf of Mexico when the Mississippi is in full flood. It is the quiet literary men who really sow that whirlwind which we know by the diabolical name of revolution. Alexander Berkman, for instance, twenty or thirty years ago, shot at Mr. Frick. Mr. Frick was one of Andrew Carnegie's steel-works managers. Berkman was an idealist, a young fool-Anarchist, with a roaring hive of bees in his bonnet.

Berkman, as a result of the Frick incident, went to the Penitentiary of Pennsylvania for fifteen years. When he came out, he wrote a book. Today, that book is a Communistic classic throughout the world. It is pored over by sore-headed young men and women of the revolutionary persuasion in Melbourne and Sydney, in Glasgow and Dundee. It teaches our aggressive gospel of destructive anarchism. And the people of Pennsylvania paid for the writing of that book. The taxpayers of that State were charged up, year by year, with the cost of maintain-

ing the Judicature which sentenced Berkman. They paid for the building and the staffing of the penitentiary that held him. Today, therefore, I would inquire mildly, where do the people of Pennsylvania come in? What ultimate moral and social profit have they got to show, after maintaining Alexander Berkman in a penitentiary for fifteen years?

When I was in prison in Australia, I was surrounded by the representatives of the I. W. W. Some of them, as subsequent judicial inquiry proved, were convicted on very flimsy or, in some cases even fraudulent evidence. The great majority did not serve their sentences, but were released. They stayed there long enough, however, to develop an acidulated fury of hatred against the modern State. And so Tom Barker and others have gone forth and they have barked the bark of Anarchism, Communism, Bolshevism, and I know not what, from Chile to Charters Towers, and from Boston to the Vistula.

To what end? How has Australia gained? Here is a cart-load of discontented men, shot into prison by a frightened Australian Judicature in 1915-16. They have helped, since, to poison, and not to sweeten, the thinking processes of the earth. Is it not a mad business? And is not Mr. Cooley absolutely right, as a corollary, when he pleads so ably in the June FORUM for the man lowest down,—the man behind the bars,—and asks that he be released on probation, instead of being steeped for years in villainy, behind the penitential walls, until he becomes a professional adventurer in crime?

I am not a sentimental person. I have no particular sympathy with Bolshevism, Capitalism, Socialism, Individualism, or any other ism which blesses, distresses, or oppresses the earth. My sympathy is with man. I am a man myself, with all the faults and a few of the virtues, maybe, of the ordinary human being. But as such, and as a man who was himself held in prison, unjustly, during practically the whole length of the war, I indorse the Cooley plea for a new constructive chance. I am glad, as a representative Australian, to challenge the attention of the good people of America and to urge firmly, but with great re-

spect, that this thing be done. It must be done, not only on ethical grounds, but because it pays. I endorse it because it is cheaper and safer to have a good-humored citizen coming out from the courts of the United States, saying, "Well, damn it, anyhow, they gave me a square deal," than it is to have the same person brooding in a penitentiary for fifteen or twenty years, determined to disrupt this civilization with bombs.

Over here, we hear much of what is known in America, let me conclude, as the Osborne prison-reform plan. Except from the reading of Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne's extremely valuable books, I knew nothing about the practical working of that plan. It may be full of faults. But I do know that Thomas Mott Osborne, the successful American manufacturer, showed the right spirit of reform when, before accepting an official position with regard to the administration of the penitentiaries of the State of New York, he went into Auburn Prison as a voluntary convict, determined to find out the facts at first hand. I commend that. Let the preachers, the editors, and the legislators of the United States follow, in that respect, in Osborne's steps. Let them go down among men, as I have gone, involuntarily, and against my will. Let them go into any penitentiary, anywhere, and serve, even for a week, as convicted slaves or serfs of the state.

I know that at the end of that time they will come back, convinced that civilization is in danger; that the out-of-date prisons of this world, and not Lenin or Trotzky, are the supreme menace of this epoch; and that instead of being plunged into the soul-blackening, mind-contaminating vats of prison, every first offender, with certain very obvious exceptions, must be treated as a man with the makings of a worthy and a useful citizen, and so be given a new chance.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

By ODELL HAUSER

IF the next presidential election hinges on the prohibition issue, there are indications that Gifford Pinchot will be selected as the champion of the "Dry" forces. In this writer's opinion, the Governor of Pennsylvania will be very solidly opposed by the Republican organization, but at present it is hard to predict whether the "machine" will resort to diplomacy or hostility in its effort to manoeuvre him out of the running.

ly appear in this record. It is very evident, however, that the dry elements within the Republican party,—and the professional dry elements that seek to regulate matters in all parties,—have selected Mr. Pinchot as their candidate for emergency use. The emergency would be at hand in the event that President Coolidge failed to go as far as his predecessor had gone in his "no compromise" speech on enforcement during his western tour.

The politicians of Pennsylvania decided some months ago that Mr. Pinchot would be a candidate for the Republican nomination at the head of the national ticket. At the time their first suspicions were dawning, they probably did not picture subsequent events in their imaginations in precisely the tints that have since invested the landscape. They had believed the Pinchot issue would be six parts Roosevelt-Progressive to four parts prohibition. Instead they find it almost wholly prohibition.

They are satisfied, however, that Mr. Pinchot will seek the Republican nomination if there is any chance of his getting it. The first step in that process, of course, would be for the Gov-

AFTER the events of the Citizenship Conference at Washington on October 14, there can be little doubt that Pennsylvania has a presidential candidate on her hands. And Pennsylvania will not be surprised about it. For she has been suspecting just that for some time. To what degree and in what kind she has been suspecting it may present-

ernor and his political associates in the State to secure a Pennsylvania delegation to the National Convention which would be favorable to the Governor's candidacy. The Republican organization of Pennsylvania, heir to the traditions which gave Matthew Stanley Quay and Boies Penrose to the world of statesmanship, fully expects Mr. Pinchot and his friends to make that effort. And gosh! how it hates the prospect!

Between now and next March or April, the Republican organization will have the task of deciding whether it can best defeat the Governor's purpose by diplomacy or the mailed fist. If the thing can be done by diplomacy, the organization will do it that way. For the organization would like less than almost anything you can imagine to contribute one jot or tittle to the advancement of the man from Pike County.

No one knows that better than the man from Pike County. So they approach the last half of the match all square. Both sides know that if there is any way Mr. Pinchot can be talked or manoeuvred out of the running, that way will be taken by the Republican organization of Pennsylvania. Nothing would suit the stalwart descendents of Quay and Penrose better than to have the Pennsylvania delegation go into the next convention shouting for Pinchot,—but voting for someone else.

Of course, if it turns out that the only path leading away from the dilemma is the way to Armageddon, the question is a little more complex. It should be remembered that when the time for declaring on the delegate matter comes, Mr. Pinchot will be only a few months short of having three more years to go as Governor of Pennsylvania. No one knows better than the organization how much trouble a disgruntled Governor can make in three years under the laws of Pennsylvania.

In the last two national conventions, governors of Pennsylvania have gone as "favorite son" candidates. True, Governor Brumbaugh eight years ago was the beneficiary of a factional fight the Vares were making on the Penrose leadership. And four years ago Governor Sproul was endorsed when Senator Penrose, who had other plans, was on a sickbed and unable to resist.

However, the moral is there for him who runs to read. The facts lead at least to the suspicion that if a Governor of Pennsylvania wants the support of his State delegation, it is to the material, if not the spiritual, advantage of many of the delegates to agree to support him and stick to their agreement.

Today Gifford Pinchot is the idol of the drys of the country, the people who set enforcement of prohibition laws above any other task of government. That is his great asset. It is being made the most of. The question is whether between now and next Spring this advantage can be taken away from him. President Coolidge might do it, for instance, with a turn of the wrist. If so, Pinchot could scarcely go into the National Convention with a commanding lead. He has no other trump. It is pretty generally agreed that in the settlement of the coal strike, with an increase in the price per ton to the consumer, he got his fingers all messed up in the fly-paper. The Roosevelt-Progressive thing would be a draw with Johnson in the race. And for the "economy and efficiency" issue, the record would have to be searched in Pennsylvania and it would not be found to consist of only a credit side.

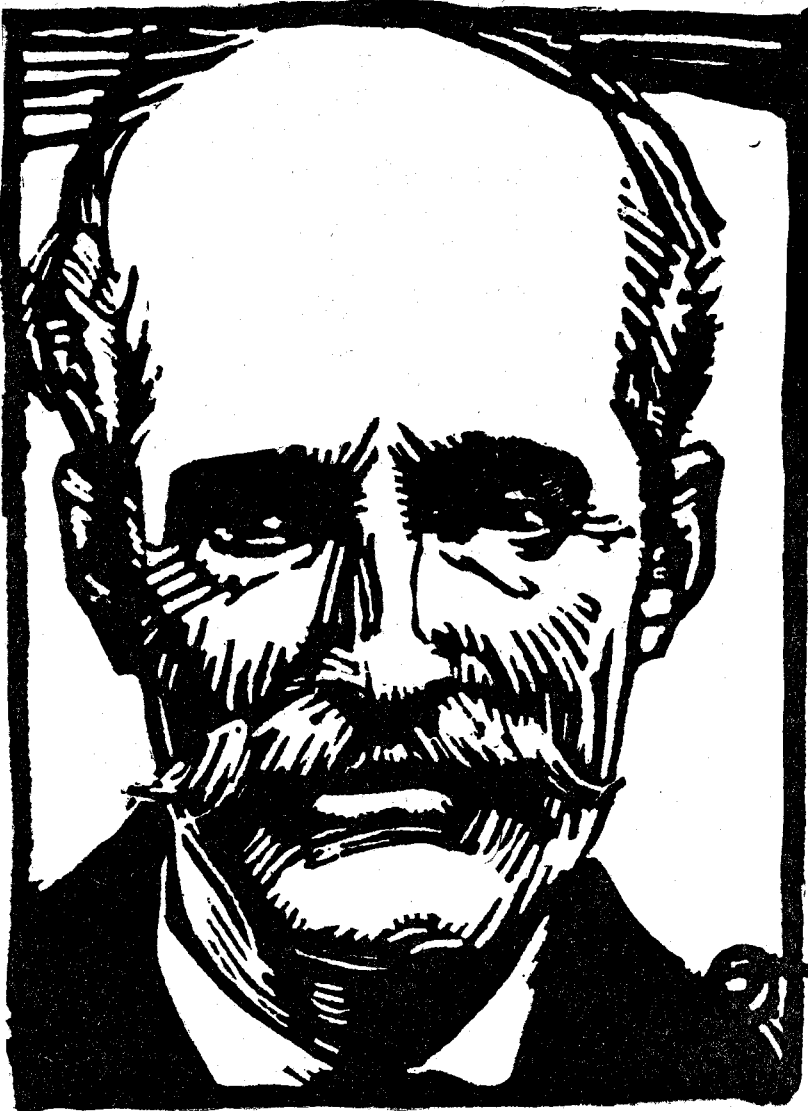
When Gifford Pinchot won the nomination as Governor in the Spring of 1922, he, of course, whipped the organization, which had its own candidate. As soon as that happened, the organization did what all well-trained political machines do, admitted it and sat back to see what would happen. It did not oppose him in the November election but turned in and helped to elect him over his Democratic opponent by a large majority.

Then came his inauguration in January of this year and his first legislative session. There was no open break. But under the surface there was a final and complete break. For the waiting organization learned that Mr. Pinchot was a "lone hand" man. He did not call in any of the men who for years have been accustomed to keeping the legislative machinery well oiled and working smoothly.

The organization continued for the most part to give the Governor what he wanted, for it is a costly affair to incur the

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Gifford Pinchot

displeasure of a four-year Pennsylvania Governor with wide appointive and patronage powers at the outset of his administration. True, it flared up occasionally, principally on the subject of prohibition, refusing to pass a drastic search-and-seizure clause in his enforcement measure and to give him a special fund for administration of this law.

Still, in the main the organization bided its time and merrily passed the major measure Mr. Pinchot sent to the Assembly, including the so-called "budget",—which was a budget but no budget law,—and the administrative code, which effected a drastic rearrangement of the executive departments and personnel. These things done, the Assembly adjourned and went home. The organization continued to bide its time in silence, "*der Tag*" for it being the day it hoped would come when the Pinchot hold on the general public would begin to wane and it could afford to come out in more open opposition. In its practical experience it knew that some of the Pinchot laws contained defects that in the end would excite public disapprobation.

The first test of anti-Pinchot organization solidarity came in the primary elections last September. These were purely local elections. But in some of the counties the insurgent elements that had won over the county organizations when Pinchot was nominated, essayed contests to solidify their hold. In not one instance was the organization defeated. Politicians who had been the most open and uncompromising enemies of the Governor since his inauguration won hands down.

The primary election of last September was the turning-point for the organization. It found that its members had the hardihood to fight the Governor and in no instance were they defeated. This was the machine "come-back," less than a year after Mr. Pinchot took office. It immediately took heart, and what happened then has been the key to what has happened since, the openly hostile moves that have been made with a view to heading off Mr. Pinchot's possible attempts to control the selection of the delegation to the next National Convention.

As far as Mr. Pinchot's hold on the general public is con-

cerned, it can scarcely be said that that has done more than fray at the edges. It was just this little fraying that let the organization come back in the recent primaries. The mass of the people still believe that Mr. Pinchot is an honest and well-intentioned man. They know he is not amenable to influence by some of the "special interests" that have in past years controlled Pennsylvania politics.

But there are those of his former adherents whom he has estranged. In the first place, many of the volunteers who sprang to his assistance in his fight to get the nomination have since been ignored, and anyone who knows human nature knows that these men, and women, will be more implacably hostile than the politicians who expected nothing from him. These men Pinchot cannot count on again, if he makes fights in the counties, and he will have to get new leaders.

Then others, particularly the women, have been offended by his virtual dismissal of Dr. Thomas E. Finegan, former Superintendent of Public Instruction, who was generally credited with a great piece of work in rebuilding the State's school system. There are those who believe the present road-building policy represents a sloughing-off from the efficient work done in the Sproul administration. There are others, not constitutional wets, who are offended because the Governor seems concerned with State prohibition enforcement to the exclusion of other work also necessary to be done.

It is being borne in on the minds of the people that none of the Governor's major policies has as yet proved successful in operation, even though they may later do so. The enforcement bill driven through the Assembly with much blare of trumpets was practically thrown aside as useless when the Governor started on his recent policy of invoking Federal injunctions and the "padlock" policy, and there has been no decision as yet as to the success of even that policy.

The "budget," also the subject of much controversy in the Legislature, was merely Mr. Pinchot's personal rearrangement of the general appropriations bill, and no legislation was passed

which prohibits the Assembly in any way from going back to the old slipshod methods in its next session if it wants to. The administrative code has been a source of endless controversy and while experienced State employes are resigning every day rather than accept the new ratings given them, the whole thing may get into an even worse state by being declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Very recently the Dauphin County Court, which had original jurisdiction over the action by the State Treasurer to declare it unconstitutional, decided it was constitutional because the presumption is in favor of the statute, but added that the fundamental question "is not free from doubt" and suspended its opinion until the question can be heard by the Supreme Court on a writ of supersedeas.

The organization may be depended upon to make the most of these difficulties. When the outside world hears of them, it should understand that that element may be involved in the complaint and take it with some grains of salt. In the meantime, however, the administration's situation is not made any more comfortable or easy by such things as a letter sent by the Secretary of Public Welfare, the only woman member of the Cabinet, in which she advises trustees and superintendents of State institutions that they are not to employ persons who opposed Mr. Pinchot in the primary elections, an incident of the class attributed above to results of the Governor's getting about him people inexperienced in public life. It might be added that later the Governor publicly revised the Secretary's employment qualifications and added a clause that opposition to the Governor in the primaries was no cause for non-employment, though present "disloyalty" was.

Without going further into detail, that summarizes the situation in Pennsylvania as to the Pinchot presidential boom. Summing it up, one might say that the Governor persists, the organization resists, and the public does not know whether it cares much about it one way or the other.

JAMES A. REED

By FREDERICK H. BRENNAN

THE most conspicuous asset of the Senator from Missouri is a gift for satire which makes him a political critic of considerable destructive power. A writer in his own state believes him lacking in vision and irreconcilably anchored to the Constitution and the Jeffersonian doctrines. He is described as a roving, aggressive "end" in the game of politics, with a wicked tackle and an uncanny knowledge of the other team's signals,—above all, an opposer.

SH O U L D Providence on some near day decide to move us all to another sphere, it is more than likely that above the cataclysmic roar of migration would rise the protest of Senator James A. Reed of Missouri. "Stop!" he would thunder. "This is unconstitutional. This may even be ridiculous. Let us inquire into this thing, people!" If the contention seems exaggerated to

those who do not know the Senator well, they must remember that at least no mortal scheme has ever been sacred to this man. The Federal Reserve Bill of a Democratic Congress failed to awe him. He attacked it in committee, and prying off its astounding armor plate of figures, laid bare the weak joints and sinews which ultimately required 563 amendments. He refused to bow before Mr. Herbert Hoover and Mr. George Creel. He pulled the League of Nations covenant from the clouds. While Woodrow Wilson eulogized the brotherhood of man, Senator Reed followed him across the United States describing what would happen if twenty-seven nationalities, speaking twenty-seven separate and distinct languages attempted to discuss world peace.

On numerous occasions during the last six years, when the smugly ponderous machinery of Senate and House was at its holy work, there would come a sudden halt and then a rasping roar of oratory. Reed was protesting again. The Senator has

quieted a little this last year. But the echoes of those ironic, sarcastic speeches must still haunt committee rooms. There in those unseen workshops wherein are fashioned the fetishes of public policy, James A. Reed is omnipresent. One question persists. It is "Will this bill get by Reed?" Quite a few have not.

During his thirteen years in the United States Senate, Reed either has fought alone or helped to fight woman suffrage, prohibition, the maternity bill, the Panama free tolls repeal, the wartime food control act, press censorship, the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations, the appointment of an American to the Reparations Commission, the Three and Four Power treaties, the Armenian mandate, the Federal Reserve Bill, and numerous presidential appointments.

Contrary to the belief of those who do not like him, the Senator has not combated every measure brought before the Senate. He has used discrimination. Nor were his activities thrown entirely against Woodrow Wilson. His record shows that he opposed the "war cabinet" bill which would have robbed the President of a great deal of power and he also directed the investigation which proved that Wilson's charge of a lobby in Congress was correct. He voted for nearly all war appropriation measures, the farm loan act, the merchant marine bill, the good roads measures, the national defense act, the federal control of railroads, and the Mississippi river improvements. He attacked Truman Newberry, supposedly a virtuous Democratic thing to do, and has been unceasing in his torment of Senator Selden P. Spencer, his Republican colleague from Missouri.

It must not be denied, however, that the Senator has been the most consistent opposer in Congress. Whether he was on one side or the other made little difference. Leaving other Senators to advocate the contention he favored, Reed sallied forth to meet the enemy. Were politics football, he would be classed as a roving, aggressive end, with an uncanny knowledge of the other team's signals and a hard, fast style of tackling.

A great many men who have played the game with Reed have said they would not have anything more to do with him.

Chief among them was Wilson who, in a letter to the editor of the "Globe-Democrat" in 1922 expressed utter disgust.

"Senator Reed," wrote the former President, "is incapable of sustained allegiance to any cause."

The portrait of a snarling, vitriolic fighter, who fears neither man nor devil has been the most popular conception of Reed. An editor coined the phrase "Reed the Wrecker." Out here in Missouri, in the summer of 1922 when the Senator was campaigning against Breckinridge Long, for the nomination, women formed Rid-us-of-Reed clubs.

When the writer, as a reporter on the "Globe-Democrat," was assigned to the Senator's camp, he realized that dragon-slaying would be in order. This monster, this devil had raged against sweet Democracy's lambs long enough. The Senator, when first we met, looked a little worried. He said, "How are you, Sir," shook hands, and turned away on the small-town station platform to search for his brief case. A tall, fine figure of a man, dressed in a blue silk suit and white shoes and with a Panama on his gray head. His jaws were working, but no gore stained his lips,—only tobacco juice!

That night the Senator addressed a large audience of farmer folk from a pine platform set in an oak grove near the hamlet. Kerosene flares lighted rows of set, ominous faces. Reed stood squarely on his feet before them. His intent blue eyes looked from under a brow that seemed to quaver with the hurt of something. Slowly he removed his coat and pushed back his sleeves.

"Who told you people a President has a right to think for you and me, anyway?" he blurted at them, his dry, raspy voice crackling. There was silence. He looked them over and slowly the most roguish grin in the world changed his face from that of an angry Senator to that of a little boy,—a teasing, diabolical little boy.

"Did Brecky Long tell you that?" he asked them. "Why see here, folks, what if I should be elected President some day and Brecky had to let me do his thinking for him? Don't you see the awful fix we'd both be in?"

They laughed at that. Then the storm gathered.

"When I opposed some of the things the administration wanted I wasn't fighting the President," Reed shouted, "I was fighting for you people. This isn't a one man government. This is a one hundred and ten million men and women government. You sent me to Congress to agree with the President when I believed he was right and to fight when I thought he was wrong. Didn't you?"

The grin would come back, presently, and the twinkle too.

"I fought the Federal Reserve Bill. They wanted to rush it through. I asked for time to have bankers look into it. 'You're fightin' the President,' they said. 'Ol' Jim Reed's fightin' the President.' Well, I had my way and we amended that bill 563 times.

"The President had a great ceremony when he signed it. He used three gold pens. One he handed to McAdoo of New York, another to Carter Glass of Virginia, and the third he placed high on a shelf among the sacred things of the earth. His hand had held that pen and the pen had triumphantly signed the bill we had to amend 563 times."

The audience thawed as he went on, analytically, inexorably. He asked them if they wanted the Armenian mandate, if they wanted to keep American boys in Europe. He spoke of the Shepherd-Towner Bill:

"We investigated the people who wanted to run the motherhood of this country and we found they were a lot of old maids, not one of whom had ever spanked a baby in her life!"

More laughter.

"Who is this man Hoover?" he roared out. "He had lived in England most of his life. As soon as he got control of the food of this country he shipped all your good wheat over to Europe while you ate wheat shorts and middlings. Didn't you? Remember the little packages of flour they used to sell you women, and you had to buy a bushel of corn meal to get one."

Turning to his fight on press censorship and the ultimate appointment of an unofficial censor, he whispered to his audience:

"Just look whom they appointed. George Creel! Imagine what a state the newspapers of this country would be in if all the news they printed had first to be filtered through the brain of George Creel."

Then toward the end he sobered them, impressed them, moved them to tears with a flowery tribute to mother love.

All summer this went on, in big towns and small towns throughout Missouri. More astonishing than his provocation of Democracy to wrath was his manner of making peace. He defied and snarled, and even Wilson Democrats appreciated the unique and colossal grandeur of a snarl from the lips of a politician. He stirred to laughter and impelled to tears, and what were the mighty problems of state when discussed so magically?

Then, too, he presented a pretty straight argument, the voters thought. He had fought for what he believed was right. That's the spirit. Hurray for Jim Reed! Go an' get 'em, Jim! By dogs, they can't run over ol' Jim Reed!

Thus, this senior representative of the sovereign State of Missouri-ah, as he is so fond of calling it, has been tossed back into the legislative machinery of the country in much the same spirit that a moron would throw a wrench into a printing press for the noise.

Here and there men in his own State are approaching a better summary. The present condition of Europe and the recent lame judgment of the League of Nations in the Graeco-Italian dispute have convinced them that isolation is not the worst of evils. They believe they see the gathering war clouds on every horizon which put to shame the treaties Reed derided.

What of this senatorial career, so full of battle smoke and the steely clang of combat? Is Senator Reed possessed of a devil, as one estimator put it? Where did he form the stern judgments that have set him against the stream so often of late years with the inevitable ripple of publicity and editorial comment?

He was born in Ohio in 1861 and spent his youth in Iowa. He tells of having stumped his county for the Democratic ticket when but eighteen years old. He passed his bar examinations

in 1885 and moved to Kansas City. His first appointment to public office came in 1896 when he was made City Counselor. Next he was Prosecuting Attorney, and it is his statement that out of 287 cases he tried during his fifteen months in this office he obtained 285 convictions.

Next he ran for Mayor on a "reform ticket" with the city's street car system as the objective of his attack. He was re-elected. In 1904 he made an unsuccessful race for Governor against the late Joseph Folk. Six years later he entered the race for the United States Senate with David R. Francis of St. Louis as his opponent. He bitterly attacked Francis for bolting Bryan in '96 and, after a magnificent campaign, won the nomination. His election followed. In 1916 he was again nominated and elected, and in 1922, after the most bitter political fight in the history of the State, won a third term.

He has been and doubtless will remain a member of the old school of Missouri Democrats. He has the manner of Champ Clark, the political wiles of William Stone, the philosophy of Dockery and Cockrell. Only a sense of humor, cynical and satirical, saved him from going their way. Such a sense of humor would distinguish anyone in the United States Senate. It might make a President of Borah and a nominee of La Follette. It has made a political critic of James A. Reed.

There is no originating vision in the man. The Constitution and Jeffersonian Democracy are his anchors. They are his background, the criterions of his judgment. He is no adventurer in political philosophy. He has the aggravating sterility of the average commentator on the drama. But woe betide those hopeful wights who seek to parade their own imaginings before him!

Internationalism lashes him to fury. It may break down the Monroe Doctrine. Who are these men who would question the wisdom of the fathers? Look at them. See their absurdities. Who are these foreigners the internationalists would claim as brothers? How droll is the thought. The picture stays with Reed and his sense of humor flavors his rage. Result,—five hours of scathing oratory, alive with invective and metaphor.

Prohibition arouses his ire. It hits at States rights. Who dares to propose it? Woman suffrage too, and for the same reason, is damned. Each new thing is measured in his mind. Does it disturb his political code? Then out upon it, with all the keen analysis of a splendid legal mind, with the satire of a Voltaire or the biting irony of a Swift.

Reed is a test for the solutions and the panaceas that are offered to Congress. If there is any possible danger in them, he will find it, if they are absurd he will show each incongruity, if men presume upon the Constitution in offering their dreams, his tongue will deliver the rapier thrust. So long as he remains in the Senate it must proceed gingerly or else be so mighty in its assurance that it dares to brook him in debate.

There is some talk of the Senator's chance to be President. To elect Reed President would rob the Senate of what at times has been its savior,—a cynical grin.

THE PENALTY

By CAROLYN HALL

I cannot stay in this November rain
To smell the moistened earth, the burning leaves
In scattered piles of brown and smothered flame.
This final sadness that the year achieves
Is no less sharp because it has no name.
I cannot stay in this November rain
To hear its mocking, answerless refrain.

The old grey horse beneath the lamp is wise.
To him November is an interlude
Between the grains, with 'dusty roads grown cold;
A lamp-lit interval when earth is hued
For drowsing. Summer is too brightly gold.
The old grey horse beneath the lamp is wise,—
There are no questions in his kindly eyes.

INVENTION BY WHOLESALE

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

MANY startling and desirable inventions, such as the mono-railway, the telegraph, and the Pollak-Virag telegraph are forced to languish unused because they conflict with vested interests or with clumsier inventions already well-established on a very large scale. Mr. Kaempfert, while admitting the handicaps of standardization, shows how industries gain in efficiency by maintaining laboratories in which groups of inventors pool their ideas in perfecting old devices and adapting new ones.

GROUP invention is destined to take the place of "one man" invention. Indeed, the one man invention is a fiction; it is usually an accumulation of old devices, an aggregation of familiar parts producing a new result. Many years ago a textile expert testified before the House of Lords that "the present spinning machinery . . . is supposed to be a compound of about eight hundred inventions. The present carding machinery is a compound of about sixty patents." On a linotype machine, an automatic machine-tool, a talking machine, a list of the dozen or more unexpired patents by which it is protected will be found. Group invention simply hastens the process of accumulation or aggregation; the inventors work contemporaneously in teams rather than separately decades or generations apart; correlation occurs simply, speedily, and directly. No wonder that Theodore N. Vail said shortly before his death: "The large industrial organizations and enterprises have been developed as much through the organization of their scientific departments as through that of their operating departments."

As this tendency toward organized, group invention becomes more marked, the "outside" inventor will find it more and more difficult to upset established manufacturing methods. He is at the mercy of the insiders. Like a railway train, corporate in-

vention travels on a track from which it is not often switched. The hired inventors and research engineers have at their command resources of which the outsider is hardly cognizant,—splendidly equipped libraries, experimental apparatus, patent lawyers to guide them, money, and time. Relations are established with foreign companies which also engage in systematic invention and research, and arrangements are made to exchange patent rights. The world is thus enmeshed in the dragnet of a well-managed, far-seeing research organization; nothing of the remotest value in technical literature, nothing that has been discovered in foreign laboratories can escape.

Such a system has the undeniable merit of preventing the premature burial of a new technical idea. It was thus that the principle of the dynamo or generator was buried by its original inventor, Pacinotti, in a paper read before a scientific society. The world had to wait until the principle was rediscovered by the more self-assertive, aggressive Belgian, Gramme, who was fortunately something of a business man. Nowadays the librarian of an industrial research laboratory would bring the paper of an obscure Pacinotti to the notice of the director.

For the outsider to cope with a system of invention so vigilant, so thorough in its laboratory and literary explorations, is difficult. True, Pupin succeeded with his load-coils, which made long-distance telephoning possible, and Gammeter with his autographic kodak; but, on the whole, the outsider will find it hard to teach the group insiders something that they do not already know. Usually, he is unfamiliar with what patent lawyers call the "state of the art"; by which they mean its history. Edison is one of the few exceptions. He thoroughly ransacks technical literature and studies past failures before he begins experimenting on his own account. As he puts it himself: "I start where the others left off." And this is exactly the principle followed by group-inventors. They waste no time in threshing over old straw. Their laboratories are not only workshops but clearing-houses of ideas.

Assume now that the outsider has invented a startling im-

provement in telephones. He must lay his invention before the research engineers of the one company which practically monopolizes telephone communication in the United States. They have been granted literally hundreds of patents (one of them no fewer than one thousand), all assigned to the employer-corporation. They have studied the art of telephonic communication as it develops in Europe and America year by year. They conceive ideas themselves and experiment ceaselessly. The chances are that the outsider has been anticipated. His one large possible purchaser rejects his invention because its essentials are already known to his research staff. Even if the invention is new and valuable, it must conform to existing telephone practice, to the extent that it can be introduced with a minimum disruption of existing apparatus. Hence the more revolutionary the outsider's proposal, the less likely is it to be adopted.

The history of the girlless, automatic telephone is a case in point. Imaginative outsiders (one of them was Strowger, an undertaker) had devised admirable devices for doing away with voices and hands at central stations, and for enabling the telephone subscriber himself to call the number he desired. The saving in labor and the economy that could be effected were obvious. Although the automatic telephone was well-developed twenty years ago, it could not be generally introduced in the face of the opposition of the telephone company. The chief engineer of the leading company even read a paper before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in which the fundamental fallacy of automatic telephony, as he saw it, was exposed. Now we are to have automatic "centrals," developed, however, by an organization of employed inventors along lines disclosed by outsiders in expired patents, and then only because telephoning has outgrown the limitations and the cost of human hands and voices.

But even if the outsider is not compelled to deal with a monopoly which has organized invention and which is likely, therefore, to have anticipated him, he will find it hard to cope with standardization, and standarization has been pushed so far that

we journey on standardized railway trains, wear standardized clothes made on standardized machines, ride in standardized automobiles, click the shutters of standardized cameras, bathe in standardized tubs, live in more or less standardized hotels and apartment houses, play standardized baseball and tennis, and see plays in standardized theaters.

Wherever there is standardization there are powerful vested interests. Let us take the railroad as an example. There are no railway trusts, but there are standardized locomotives, cars, tracks, and methods of operation. This standardized system of railway transportation is far from being a perfect mechanism. It is a direct development of pumping engines mounted on wheels to haul stage-coaches on rails. Imaginative outsiders have devised concededly practical mono-railways capable of transporting passengers at speeds of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. One of them was Schlick, an ingenious German engineer, who applied the principle of the spinning top or gyroscope to locomotives and cars mounted on wheels arranged in tandem to run on a single track.

The spinning gyroscope would prevent the train from toppling over when it came to a stop. Single tracks, simpler locomotives, lighter rolling stock,—what an enormous saving could be effected if the gyroscopic railway were to take the place of the double-track and the cumbrous engines and cars! And what speeds could be attained! Fifty miles for local trains, one hundred and fifty for expresses! And then the ease with which valleys, rivers, and chasms could be bridged! A stout steel cable would do; for the train could never drop off into empty space and destruction. Despite all his convincing models, the railway magnates brushed Schlick aside, pointing out that billions would be required to reconstruct the railways of such a vast country as the United States.

Even the less daring engineer who would electrify our steam-roads,—and electrification would now be profitable even where no cheap water-power is available,—encounters the same financial resistance. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul is the

only transcontinental trunkline railway of the United States which has thus far been electrified in this alleged electrical age. New York was one of the last American cities to improve its standardized, antiquated transportation methods; the change from horses, steam, and cables was made only with great financial difficulty and then only because of public opinion.

Similarly, there is no phonograph monopoly, but extraordinary standardization. The new talking machine must play the old records; and new records must be reproduced on old machines. The inventor who seeks to revolutionize the phonograph industry with new and vastly better methods of recording and reproducing sound would be as welcome as a bomb-thrower in the court of the late Czar. Hence Poulsen's beautiful telegraphone,—an instrument which makes it possible to record a whole opera electromagnetically on a fine steel wire and to reproduce it without the hissing, spitting, or scratching produced by the contact of a stylus on a disk,—is destined to languish unused. The Pollak-Virag high-speed telegraph can transmit 100,000 words an hour in legible script. If it were introduced telegrams would be but little more expensive than posted letters, but the telegraph companies of the world will have none of it.

Cavil at standardization as we may, it will become more pronounced as the number of manufacturers who adopt group or organized inside invention increases. Standardization means economy in manufacture and in selling. To teach an industry or the public that a new invention is better than an old, to change the habits of a hundred million people is time-consuming and money-consuming. A thick crust of conservatism must be broken down. Hence an avalanche of advertising was required to make men buy and use safety-razors, although acceptable safety-razors were invented fifty years ago; to convince the public that pianos can be played with air blown through perforations in a roll of paper; and to drive home the point that dust can be more hygienically and effectively sucked out of a carpet with a vacuum-cleaner than loosed with a broom.

England so heartily disliked the idea of driving coaches by

steam, instead of hauling them by horses, that it passed its famous Road Locomotive Act, which limited road speeds to ten miles an hour and made it necessary for a mounted man carrying a red flag to precede a mechanically propelled road vehicle. Because of this piece of legislative folly, the automobile was developed in Germany and France, and by the time the Road Locomotive Act was repealed, England found herself handicapped in competing with continental automobile makers. Similarly, there was an outcry against steam navigation and against the iron ship in the beginning. Edison was branded by scientists as an ignoramus or as a fraud when he asserted that he could subdivide the electric current and feed it to thousands of electric incandescent lamps.

In a word, custom is a form of standardization, and standardization, particularly the kind toward which organized invention tends, is simply a concession to mankind's instinctive opposition to the new. It is something frozen into a rigid form, and the outsider can flourish best when there is fluidity.

Since organized, group invention means more and more standardization and more and more frozen social and factory customs, the obstacles opposed to the outsider must become more and more formidable. His instinct for contrivance must inevitably be paralyzed, another evidence of that lessened scope for initiative and individual enterprise which characterizes modern quantity-production methods and on which economists, sociologists, and psychologists have so frequently harped.

The Arkwrights, Cartwrights, Watts, and Ericssons of the future will find it practically impossible to cope with the granitic inflexibility of standardization. They can hope to succeed only if their inventions constitute the bases of industries of which the world has at present no conception. It was thus that Edison triumphed; for he invaded the field of electricity when dynamos, motors, and electric lamps were unknown; when he could build from the ground up. Indeed, the entire modern system of generating, distributing, metering, and utilizing electric energy is based upon the ideas of this one extraordinary man.

Edisons are rarer than comets, and they will be still rarer. Invention is becoming more and more a branch of engineering and, therefore, of applied science. To the trained physicist and chemist we must look for the startling invention of the future rather than to the illiterate Arkwright, the inspirational Cartwright, or the self-taught Goodyear, and it will seem startling only after the lapse of generations, so gradually will it evolve out of older standardized contrivances. Industrial problems are becoming too complex. If we are ever to utilize the sun's heat or the energy so abundantly liberated by radium, the academically trained scientist (in the pay of some corporation) is more likely to point the way than countrymen and blacksmiths of the type who gave us the locomotive and the flying machine.

The outsider of the future may supplant the typewriter with some radically new form of writing machine, or devise an artificial substance to take the place of building timber if our forests are ever entirely hewn away, or fabrics which will be cheaper and more efficient than those now made of natural fibers. He will not be completely extinguished, like the prehistoric dinosaur or dodo, but he will be compelled to content himself with a minor rôle as industrial revolutionist.

THE BOWL

By MARY BORLAND

My poetry is but a shallow bowl,
Cloud-colored, dull, not shaped to catch the eye;
But sometimes, mirrored fleetingly, appears
Golden, or blue, a little patch of sky.
And sometimes, in the first chill days of spring
When the wild winds have stirred my heart to tears
It holds a handful of spring flowers, glimmering
Pale as morning stars that mutely die.

THE PHILIPPINES NEXT!

By CECILIA FARWELL

UNTIL a business-like system of government is worked out which will give to the Filipino a degree of independence carefully adjusted to his ability to assume the burdens and responsibilities of self-government, nothing but agitation and disorder can be expected in the Islands. A constructive sketch of an arrangement which might meet the requirements of the situation is here presented by a writer who has made a special study of the problem.

MANUEL QUEZON, after the interview of the Independence Mission of 1922 with Mr. Harding, said to an American in New York: "If the Filipino people could have looked into the President's face, if they could have heard his words of interest in them and sympathy for their aspirations, his assurance that though he did not believe them now ready to go alone, the policy of his

administration would be governed always by the sole consideration of their welfare,—that there would be no backward step,—they would be willing to wait."

Yet Mr. Quezon, on his return to Manila, proceeded to stir up agitation and unrest to "save his own face," and the last days of Mr. Harding's life were shadowed by discord forced with the intent to bring on a "crisis" and embarrass the administration.

The question will perhaps come up before Congress this winter. That President Coolidge will uphold General Wood there is no question, but the situation demands more than that,—reorganization and readjustment. This was of course a part of Mr. Harding's policy, since the whole effort of General Wood has been to bring the government to a state of efficiency and order where it will be possible to go forward.

It has cost us over \$700,000,000 to maintain our relationship with the islands. Not one dollar of return has ever come from this investment, or is ever to be expected. Each year additional

appropriation is made by Congress. And the Philippine Legislature, deriving its existence and security from this relationship, maintains an annual appropriation of one million pesos for propaganda having for its purpose the severing of the relationship. This fund is quoted in Washington as an open graft fund; probably the publication of its books,—if, indeed, they have kept any books,—would do more for the establishment of stable government in the islands than any one thing that could be suggested.

But this is only one of the absurdities connected with the situation. A Congressman lent his official frank last spring for the free use of the United States mails by the bureau maintained by this fund, for the circulation of an attack on the administration in the islands, thus putting the United States Government itself in the unique position of fostering propaganda for its own overthrow there. Perhaps the climax of these absurdities is to be found in the fact that the Philippine Legislature, created by Act of Congress, has “interpreted the spirit of that Act” to nullify its letter, and passed laws limiting and circumscribing the authority of the sovereign Government by taking from its representative, powers and functions expressly conferred upon him by the very act which created that body.

It is to this last muddle that we must look for explanation of the present crisis. The Organization Act, commonly known as the Jones Bill, passed by Act of Congress in 1916, completed the organization of the Philippine Legislature by the creation of an upper house, and extended the autonomy of the Filipinos by opening to natives places in the Cabinet, heretofore held by Americans. But as a balance to this, the Governor-General was given greater powers than had theretofore been the prerogative of his office, and the Secretaries of the new departments were to receive their appointment from him (with the consent of the Philippine Senate), and to be responsible to him.

By executive order, former Governor-General Harrison created an extra-legal Council of State, composed of the Cabinet and the two political leaders. He justifies this by the statement that the Filipinos like the English better than the American sys-

tem of government. The Cabinet, as such, practically ceased to exist, and the Council of State proceeded to take over practically all the powers conferred by Act of Congress on the Governor-General. One of the "laws" passed by the Legislature,—which obediently rubber-stamped bills sent from the Council,—gave to the Secretary of the Interior certain powers, with the clause added, "his decision in the matter shall be final." As Congress had made the Secretaries of the Cabinet responsible to the Governor-General, General Wood acted within his authority when he reinstated an American official of the secret service department of the city of Manila, who, twice acquitted (before a Filipino judge) of bribery, had been discharged by the Secretary.

Instead of testing the validity of their position in the courts, the Council of State proclaimed "usurpation of authority," and resigned in a body. General Wood accepted their resignations, temporarily filled the Cabinet positions, and the affairs of government went on. The legislature met as "an independence commission" and demanded his recall by the President. A pending election of a Senator to take the place of one appointed Resident Commissioner to Washington was made a contest; the anti-Wood forces won. Near-riots followed in Manila, the people demanding the overthrow of the politicians.

To understand this it will be remembered that Manila, the center of the district in which the election was held, is the stronghold to the Chinese-Filipino or Spanish-Filipino stock called *mestizos*. The city was for three hundred years the stronghold of Spanish garrison, official, and commercial life, as well as of Chinese trade. Few Tagalogs are of pure Malay blood, although Spanish social customs worked towards keeping the characteristics of the mother-race predominant. But the children of the conquerors had many advantages in culture and education, and they became a sort of "upper caste," with social lines almost as strongly marked between them and the common people as between the Spaniards and themselves.

These *illustrados* have striven for control under American oc-

cupation, and now proclaim themselves the "voice of the people." It was from them came the famous pronouncement a few years ago that the "requisites for a government were a class able to govern and a class amenable to government," they being the class able to govern, and the nine-million and a half Malays were to be "amenable to government." It must be stated, however, that from this class has also come some of the most loyal pro-Americans.

The whole situation is full of contradictions. The Philippines are neither a part of the United States nor apart from them. The Filipinos are neither covered by the protecting blanket of the Federal Constitution nor outside the sphere of its control. Maintaining in the old days that the Constitution followed the flag, we took radical steps to eradicate the slavery which we found flourishing, but neither the Eighteenth nor the Nineteenth Amendments have been submitted to the Philippine Legislature,—Filipinos do not vote,—and Manila is still the Mecca of those who like their cocktails spiked.

The recent disturbance was really but the excuse from which the thread of discord was spun. That so trivial an incident should have been chosen shows how slender, after all, is their real grievance, and yet how far they have traveled from the Act of Congress on which the government is founded. Mr. Quezon was perhaps sincere when he said: "We welcome the present crisis if it will bring the American people to the realization of the need of a definite status of government here."

The intent of the Organization Act was to give the Filipinos a larger share in their own government and to test their ability to establish and maintain a government that should be strong and enduring. In this test they have signally failed. This is conceded by almost all who have had opportunity of observation, except those interested in the propaganda or those sharing in the failure. With a half-million dollar fund to prove it a success, they are yet confronted by the fact that the first act of the sovereign Government after the official investigation was, in compliance with General Wood's request, to extend the bonded

indebtedness for the restoration of the stability of the Conant peso, the Gold Reserve Fund having simply disappeared in the speculations carried on by the Government.

As the integrity of a government stands or falls in the eyes of the world with the maintenance or the loss of its credit, no other instance of that failure need be cited, though there are several which seem to prove failure to appreciate the essentials of civilization. Propagandists of the success idea do, indeed, remind us that Philippine bonds sold on the American market at par, sometimes slightly above that, but they quite fail to tell us what every banker and broker who handles them knows; that the Government of the United States is morally behind every dollar of the issues.

We begin to understand the "tyrannous" policy of General Wood in his work to "get the Government out of business." If the Philippine Government goes bankrupt,—well, hasn't Uncle Sam about enough burdens already?

Two courses are open to us: to cut the islands loose, appropriate a sum to cover the loss of American investments, meet the obligations of the present Government in its bonded indebtedness, charge the whole up to experience, and return to the status quo of January 1st 1898; or to continue supervision and protection following the policy already developed,—that of helping them, through the orderly process of evolution and the creation of an educated public opinion, to arrive at the unity and cohesion necessary for self-government.

In closing the Wood-Forbes report, General Wood wrote: "We recommend that under no circumstances should the American Government permit to be established in the Philippines a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority." The wisdom of this recommendation has never been questioned. It remains then, to work out a plan by which the highest degree of independence of which the people are capable can be given, without essential impairment of the authority of the United States by which that independence is protected.

Let it here be noted that this is not a matter of freedom for the people. The Filipino is today as free in his native land as is any citizen of Ohio or Texas, and if there is a flaw in the working of the present system, it is that we are still treating Filipinos as "little brown brothers." They should be regarded as having grown up, in a measure at least, and given a larger share in the carrying of their own burden.

This brings us to the status of the territory and the people. Territorial status would mean eventual statehood. This the people do not want, nor is it believed desirable from the American side. To add to our already complicated race problems a constantly increasing population of ten millions, would be the greatest unwisdom. But, as a means of putting the country on the basis of a reasonably permanent government, a bill could be introduced into Congress superseding and cancelling the Jones Bill, declaring the United Provinces of the Philippines a free and independent commonwealth under the sovereign authority of the United States. This bill should carry certain definite and stated reservations to the Government of the United States, among others, perhaps, these:

1. Control of the army and navy; all questions pertaining to war; right to hold such land and sea positions as are found necessary for military purposes in time of war or time of peace.
2. Control of foreign relations, as at present.
3. Control of loans and bonded indebtedness, and questions arising from the issuance of currency and maintenance of the gold reserve. A specially appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States might be assigned to the Philippines, with visitory and advisory powers.
4. Federal veto, through the representative of the United States in the Islands, of bills in violation of the American Bill of Rights, the Philippine Constitution, the Federal Constitution, or other terms of agreement under which the relation is established.
5. American citizens to have equal rights with Filipino citizens in the Islands. No discriminatory laws to be passed.
6. Postal laws and regulations to remain as at present.

Certain reservations of rights and privileges should also be made to the Filipinos, among others, these:

1. Right of appeal to the President of the United States, or to the Supreme Court of the United States where the matters of issue properly come before that body. Such a bill might properly carry the establishment of a Federal Court of Insular Affairs, before which could be brought the problems of all the insular possessions or mandates of the United States, on the bench of which jurists of these countries might aspire to hold high positions. This would serve as a clearing house for the Supreme Court, to which, however, right of appeal should not be denied.
2. Free trade between the two peoples, and such applications of the coastwise trading laws as were found mutually advantageous, and accepted by the Legislature of the Islands.
3. The right of the Filipino people to fill all elective offices, according to qualifications to be fixed by their own constitution.

Maintaining their own legislature, as at present organized, the Filipinos should elect their own chief executive, qualifications for eligibility to this office having been determined in their Constitution. This official should drop the military title of General, and hold the American title of Governor. He should appoint his own Cabinet, with the consent of the Philippine Senate. The Governor would, in turn, be responsible to the sovereign Government, through its representative, in all matters pertaining to the relations between the two countries. The Governor of the United Provinces of the Philippines would be in authority in matters pertaining to the insular government, except in case of actual rebellion against the sovereign power. The Vice-Governor, should be, as now, the head of a department, but elected at the same time and in the same manner as the Governor.

The sovereign authority of the United States could then be vested in an official to be appointed by the President, whose functions and responsibilities would be similar to those of a High Commissioner, having a clearly defined veto power over bills passed by the Philippine Legislature. His relation to the military forces of the United States should be similar to those now existing between these forces and the Governor-General. Proper

staff and maintenance for this official should be provided, that the dignity of the sovereign power should not suffer, yet there should be a definite effort towards simplicity and co-operation suitable for the relationship between the two Governments.

The appointment of this official should as far as possible be protected from changing political parties at home, and his policy be determined by the Reorganization Act, rather than by platform planks in America with which the Filipino people have nothing to do. Only by being independent of political parties here can the Filipinos develop a strong party government in their own land, and party government is the key to the arch on which a republic is founded. Under the present system, party lines in the islands are thinly drawn, and politicians are forced to resort to spectacular effects to keep themselves in the limelight.

The representative of the sovereign Government should have no executive relation to the Philippine Legislature, or to laws passed by it. Thus would be remedied what is perhaps the weakest point, and the source of greatest friction in the present system, where the representative of the sovereign Government is the executor of laws passed by a Legislature elected by a people, who, according to the tenet on which the whole system is based, are unfit for self-government! That this contradiction has stood so long is a somewhat amusing proof of the sincerity of our own belief in democracy and our willingness to hand it over to the Filipino without much regard for our own glory, which, in this case, means our own dignity. Its flaw is plainly indicated in the administration of ex-Governor Harrison, whose boast was that "in all but race he was a Filipino," and who sacrificed American policy to the wills of a Filipino oligarchy.

Reorganization of the financial relationship should also be a part of the new order. There is now no reason why the Filipino should not assume some of the responsibility. The taxation necessary to meet this readjustment would be insignificant compared to the maintenance of their own army and navy, or even their own foreign-relations service.

The greatest need at present is stability of government. It

is far more important for the Filipinos to develop great statesmen, great jurists, scholars, scientists, leaders in social and civic welfare, experts in finance, in business and industry, than it is to develop agents and agitators of unrest. Under present conditions, because of the unwillingness of capital to go into a country without a stable government, and with the continual pressure of the American system of education and civic advancement, the people have advanced far out of proportion to their industrial and commercial development, and the whole system is top-heavy. This accounts for much of the unrest, especially among members of the younger generation, who fit themselves for careers which the conditions in their homeland do not offer. The stopping of political agitation, and the "getting right down to business" along all lines, will open opportunity to all these ambitious young people, and enable them to give themselves in highest service to their country.

As for the alternative,—cutting them loose,—that need be considered only as a last resort. But it is not probable that American soldiers will ever again be asked to die in tropical jungles at the hands of a savage foe who prove themselves wholly unable to appreciate the gift of civilization and liberty. It is apparent that America desires to give every possible advantage and opportunity to the Filipinos, and to satisfy all their reasonable aspirations consistent with their own safety. It may again be emphasized that we cannot do this without retaining adequate authority. We shall need in the future, perhaps, to be a little more careful of our own position,—to have the relationship a little more clearly defined, and its value to the people in terms of civil and commercial advantage recognized. On the other hand we can well allow the native people continually increasing voice in their own affairs, that they may develop along cultural lines according to the spirit and genius of their own race, and the more able, efficient, and responsible the Filipino Government proves, the more certainly they may look forward to the time when the representative of the sovereign power may become a "figurehead."

THE BILLBOARD CURSE

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

SUPPOSE you were to enter an art museum, and across the foreground of every landscape paint rectangles of ugly blue and green and yellow print. The gallery would become a place of horror. That is virtually what we have been doing along the roadside in regions of our country most favored by nature. A New Englander protests against the commercial blight that is obscuring his famous Berkshire hills from view.

I OWN two automobiles. As one or the other is almost sure to go, I regard them as indispensable. To be sure, men lived rather well, and rather happily, in the house where I now dwell for the better part of a century before automobiles were invented. But they also lived without bathrooms. I have no desire to emulate them in either simplicity. But the con-

stantly increasing flow of motor traffic on our highways, the constantly increasing congestion in our towns and cities, the mounting toll of life from accidents, the rising taxes to meet the demand for more paved roads, and especially the desecration, in spots almost the obliteration, of our fairest landscapes by the advertising signs and ugly filling stations and cheap refreshment booths which have followed in the motor's wake, surely ought to give us pause. It is easy enough to be humorously satirical about the advertising signs, about the people who dash from place to place seeing nothing of the country, leaving their litter of lunch boxes by beds of fern and goldenrod, talking only of mileage and tire troubles; but it gets us nowhere. The problem is beyond satire. Perhaps it is beyond solution. But certainly if America is to remain a safe, comfortable, and attractive place to live and to move about in, we have got to find some way to conquer this machine which appears to have conquered us.

I live in the Berkshire Hills, which have long been considered peculiarly attractive to the eye, and restful to the spirit.

And I live in an especially lovely corner of those hills, under a doming mountain. A State road runs northward by my door, dropping at length, through rolling fields, to a pretty little valley threaded by a clear mountain brook, and swinging across a neat bridge into an elm shaded village. The landscape is gracious, but not without a touch of stirring ruggedness. The village as you enter it suggests at once the neat order and tradition of old New England. It is all worth seeing and saving.

But this summer an oil company came, almost in a night, and erected two monstrous and hideous red signs in the very heart of the little valley, close to the brook, so that you cannot see the village, or the landscape, for their flaring effrontery. Opposite one of them, a hotel in the next town proclaims chicken dinners. Opposite the other, a rival oil company, in letters four feet high, proclaims the superiority of its brand of gasoline. When I first beheld those signs, I suffered a physical blow. This prospect that I loved, this bit of landscape that was, to me, a part of home, a part of the whole tradition in which I was born and by which I live, had been defiled, made hideous.

Nor am I alone in that feeling. A great majority of the men and women in the village share it, and share it strongly. Yet what good does it do? None whatever. The signs, of course, are not within the highway boundaries. They are on private property. For each of the large signs, the owners of that property receive twenty dollars a year rental. In this case, two men, for a meagre sum, permit the advertisers to desecrate a lovely landscape, to add one more bit of ugliness to the vast mass of ugliness which is overwhelming the American scene. The sacred right of every freeborn American to do what he pleases on his own property (which, to be sure, has never really been a right but only a fetish), stands between us and every attempt to save our countryside from the greed of the advertisers and those they so readily corrupt.

After a great deal of effort, against stubborn opposition, a law has been passed in Massachusetts which enables the State Highway Commissioners, at their discretion, to designate new

State roads as scenic highways and forbid the erection of advertising signs or other nuisances on adjoining property. But the law is not retroactive to existing highways, and the Commissioners, it may be imagined, are likely to use extreme "discretion," since every man who isn't permitted to rent his pastures for a hideous billboard, is thereby a potential political opponent, and the cry will be raised that the sacred right of private property is being interfered with. There is also a law in Massachusetts enabling the Highway Commissioners to remove billboards erected within a certain number of feet of public parks and playgrounds, or which are a menace to safety. But billboards flourish within the prescribed areas, and billboards hide the view of intersecting roads, and nothing is done about it. The sacred rights of private property must not lightly be disturbed. I motored recently across the entire State of Massachusetts to Boston, and on up the coast to Maine, and then into the White Mountains. The car rolled over hundreds of miles of paved highway, built, I suppose, at an average cost of twenty thousand to thirty thousand dollars per mile, or possibly more. That highway represented an initial expense to the tax payers of more than ten million dollars, at the very least, and an annual upkeep expense, probably, of three-quarters of a million. Over it, on the same summer days, rolled a steady procession of other cars, in both directions, some of them trucks, but the great majority pleasure cars, containing thousands upon thousands of people going on longer or shorter rides to find recreation. And these highways led through one of the fairest and trimmest sections of our country, through towns the oldest and richest in associations, and into the finest scenery east of the Rocky Mountains. Yet my heart grew sick as I journeyed, my eyes ached for the ugliness they beheld, till at last I could have wept with rage, mortification, and grief, for the desecration of New England.

There was scarce a mile of the highway anywhere, except for a brief stretch where it passed through a State forest, that was not marred by some great billboard plastered, of course, right at the end of a vista so it could be seen for a long distance. As

you drew near towns, vast billboards, in the shape of open books, imparted "historical" information, frequently erroneous and always piffling, by way of taking the curse off the advertisement. Close to the larger towns the advertising signs came in a steady wall. At frequent intervals, and generally in the most attractive spots, such as bits of pine woods, or on the tops of hills, refreshment booths and filling stations crowded their litter and ugliness up to the road. We call the booths hot-dog kennels hereabouts. From Worcester to Boston the old Post Road resembles nothing so much as a street in Coney Island. North of Boston it may be true that the characters of Mr. Frost's poetry reside, but to the motorist they all appear to have gone into the frankfurter and gasoline business, or else to have rented their rocky pastures to the billboard concerns.

Matters get worse instead of better as you approach the White Mountains, till you must strain your eyes incessantly to catch a glimpse of Tripyramid between the signs, like a landscape viewed through a picket fence. Advertisements of tobacco, tires, brake linings, oil, gas, tea rooms, hotels, garages, "boiled hot dogs," and even of towns themselves, obliterate the view with their monstrous ugliness. For eight miles before you reach Chocorua, at half-mile intervals, a garage has been permitted to plaster the wayside trees with its signs.

As you come into Conway, the Board of Trade of the village has outdone the commercial advertisers with a huge billboard, bidding you welcome. How much more gracious a welcome it would be if the Board of Trade would permit you to enter the town by a highway lined only with the trees of the forest, and backed by an unobstructed view of the blue mountains piled up beyond! I am old enough to have driven over that road behind a pair of horses, and I know what the view was like. It is the same view today,—but nobody can see it. Suppose you were to enter a museum, and across the foreground of every lovely landscape were to paint three or four rectangles of ugly blue and green and yellow print. The gallery would become a place of horror. Well, that is exactly what we have permitted the

advertisers to do to our American scene, our art gallery of nature. We are fast making our fairest landscapes intolerable.

And I cite New England only because I know New England most intimately, and love it best. In far away Oregon, the State has contrived to keep advertising signs out of the Columbia River gorge, but the instant that magnificent highway bursts through the basalt barrier, you might as well be approaching New York City on the Boston Post Road, or going to Philadelphia in a Pennsylvania train.

By many people I am considered a crank (sometimes "crab" is the word) because of my attitude toward the desecration of America by signboard advertising and squalid roadside booths. More important matters face America, to get excited about, they say. I'm not so sure. I'm not sure but the vulgar flaunting of "national products" from the hilltops, the ugly scramble of great and small for trade, no matter who suffers or how much the countryside is spoiled, is a symptom of national ill health; and if it is not controlled by a more generous and decent sentiment, I am not sure but that means the disease has struck very deep. Out-of-door advertising, of course, is at bottom a form of the most flaunting and vulgar selfishness. If we, in whose faces it comes everywhere like a slap, are both so impervious to ugliness and so supine before selfishness and greed, that we cannot and will not find a way to abolish this nuisance, then, I say, we are in a bad way. The matter becomes, for me, of tremendous importance. A people who readily submit to the spoliation of their land by selfish greed are a people sick.

The problem of ridding our State highways of the nuisances need not really be difficult. If a town can establish a building line and civic centers where all architecture must conform to a standard, a commonwealth can take similar action. If Massachusetts can set aside certain roads as scenic highways, and forbid the erection of signs on adjoining property, she can forbid it on every highway in the Commonwealth. If a man, at the bidding of society, for society's good, cannot dump garbage on his private property, he can equally be prevented from erecting

a hot-dog kennel or a filling station which offends every decent sense. A civilized people know that what is squalid and ugly may be as dangerous to spiritual health as sewage is to bodily.

If a State, spending fifteen million dollars a year on its highways (or, like New York State, closer to seventy-five million dollars), should decree that all private accessories to those roads, especially in regions of natural beauty, should conform to some decent standard of cleanliness and architectural form, and should further decree that the taxpayers of the State, who use those roads, should be entitled to all possible recreational benefit that comes from scenic charm, hence abolishing entirely billboards and outdoor advertising, the sacred rights of private property would be no more infringed than they ever must be in a society that comes to civilized development through co-operation. Moreover, in spite of the organized opposition to such a course which would come from the advertisers and a few greedy property owners along the highways, the great mass of people would call the legislature blessed which first passed such a law. But, as usual, the great mass of people are unorganized, and in any true sense unrepresented in our legislative bodies.

Another result of the abolition of outdoor highway advertising would be, undoubtedly, an enforced increase of advertising patronage for our newspapers and magazines. The advertisers would be driven to use more the legitimate channels of publicity. There are only two ways of securing a truly free press,—by a grant or subsidy which puts the publication beyond the need of advertising, or by a sufficient bulk of patronage to make it independent of any one advertiser, or group of advertisers. In our democracy, the latter way seems on the whole the better, and if the money spent annually in these United States on outdoor advertising was forced into the newspaper and magazine channels, there is hardly any question but our press would improve in quality and often in self-respect.

At any rate, our landscape would be restored to us, and the curse of ugliness, the scum and slime of commercial greed, would be wiped from the fair face of my New England hills.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR DELEGATES

By GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

MUST we continue to let our candidates for the presidency be chosen by "safe" delegates,—men who can be relied on by the bosses to play the machine game? That evils in the national convention system can be overcome by popular revolt seems to be proved by the events of 1912. Next year there may be an opportunity to profit by that lesson.

FOR the next few months practically all political activity in the United States will bear on the selection of the candidates to be named in June, 1924, by the Republican and Democratic National Conventions. This is the opening of the season of our national quadrennial sport. No man is too high to play a part, no man too low.

President Coolidge himself has appointed a secretary who has become widely known for his supposed efficiency in getting southern delegates, and cabinet members have been revealed as telegraphing to Governors of States to hold their delegates in leash until further orders are communicated. The play is on.

The indictment of the National Convention system, and in fact of the entire convention method, is based on the fact that instead of it being a gathering of the "best minds" of the party, it is usually a gathering of fourth-rate postmasters and internal revenue collectors, with a dash of oratorical ability in the form of wealthy attorneys anxious to be ambassadors, all controlled by the "boss" or patronage distributor of the state from which the delegation comes. If there are idealists in the convention they are there on sufferance, or by mistake. Only "safe" men are sent to a convention,—that is, men who will play the machine game.

As a bit of personal evidence, the writer adduces the fact that for twenty-five years, off and on, he has been going to conventions of one kind or another. Except in those instances when

he "broke through," he has never been permitted to be a delegate except when it was known that he would not go counter to the machine or would be in such an insignificant minority that any indication of independent thought would count for little.

In a larger way, the writer saw one of America's most famous Senators about the Convention Hall in Chicago, in 1920, blissfully uninformed as to what was happening, or if informed, placidly indifferent. Never had there been such a dull convention. The writer as a reporter had in his youth attended conventions of many kinds, but no dentist's convention or annual conclave of the District Delegates of the Associated Steamfitters had been so barren of ideas and inspiration as this particular gathering of the so-called brains of the great Republican party on the eve of its greatest victory. The reason, to an extent, was that the party knew it was destined to victory, and so it became a convention of manipulators, in which there was no inspiration for an oratorical effort, no call for a struggle between idealists.

It was a hot Saturday afternoon and the Convention was ready to nominate anyone, in order that the delegates might go home, as a great many of them had run out of collars and others had determined it was too expensive to stay over Sunday in Chicago. Meeting this particular Senator in one of the ante-rooms, the writer urged him to use his great oratorical talents and plead with the delegates to adjourn until Monday, in order that their selection might represent a deliberate intention and not merely the hasty action of men who were principally anxious to get through with a job.

"Don't worry about it," said the Senator placidly in answer to earnest pleadings, "they are going to adjourn over until Monday." An hour later, the Convention nominated Mr. Harding.

It was a phase of Theodore Roosevelt's activity seldom dwelt on that in his continuous fight with the bosses he accomplished some reform in the convention system, and through understanding of the political methods of the time, forced the bosses of the convention to bend to the popular will. He was frequently referred to by the machine leaders as a tyrant, for they were,

and constitutionally are, unable to understand that what made him powerful was the fact that he represented the greatest force in a democracy, public opinion.

In the past fifteen or twenty years there has developed an impression that the method by which this momentous decision is arrived at is not entirely intelligent and sometimes scandalous. The country at large has not entirely recovered from the shock of the Republican convention of 1912, and except among those whose hatred of Roosevelt was their main obsession, the disregard of the popular will by the Republican bosses of that convention,—Murray Crane of Massachusetts, Barnes of New York, Penrose of Pennsylvania,—was everywhere condemned as not only a political performance of a highly immoral character but a stupid destruction of the very political machine these gentlemen were so anxious to favor.

It has generally been said that the main reason for the overwhelming defeat of the Republican party in 1912 was the great popularity of Roosevelt. As a matter of fact Roosevelt was out of the campaign for two weeks after the shooting in Milwaukee, and for some time it was a question as to whether he would even live. Undoubtedly his large vote, without any political patronage, was a tribute to his extraordinary personality; but there is no question that the greater part of his vote was attracted to him as a protest against the unscrupulous and immoral methods and actions of the Republican leaders.

In 1912 we have the single great instance of the people nationally rebelling against a boss control convention and forcing a nominee of their own. In nearly every other instance where a great party has gone down to defeat it has been because there was a popular revolt against the selection of the convention or against the principles enunciated in the platform put forth by the convention. The 1912 campaign therefore marked a new epoch in American politics.

The history is so recent that it is perhaps only necessary to refer to it briefly. Mr. Taft had succeeded Roosevelt in the leadership of a party that was strong and vigorous. As soon

as Colonel Roosevelt was out of the White House, the elements that had aroused popular disfavor gathered about Mr. Taft and in two years destroyed all the party strength that had been built up in seven years by Roosevelt. Boss government, which under Roosevelt had weakened and in some cases disappeared, bosses whom he had reduced to little power and in some cases driven out of public life, returned under Mr. Taft, and that amiable gentleman, misled by the flattery of new found friends, did not perceive that he was destroying the very party that had raised him to the highest office in the land.

Reluctantly Roosevelt became a candidate for the presidency against Mr. Taft, whom he had named as his successor. The fight was an extremely bitter one and, because Theodore Roosevelt was at the zenith of his power, an extraordinary and brilliant one. In every state where there was any kind of honest primary, Roosevelt won the delegates. Even in the state of Pennsylvania, where Boss Penrose was in control, Roosevelt won almost ninety per cent of the delegates, and in Mr. Taft's own state demonstrated, by winning a great majority of the Ohio delegates, that he was even there the popular favorite.

The West,—without which the Republican party could not succeed,—was overwhelmingly for Roosevelt, but when the delegates gathered in convention in Chicago, the political bosses under the leadership of Crane, Penrose, and Barnes were so able to manipulate, through the southern delegates especially and the committee on credentials, that it was evident the nomination would not be allowed to go to Roosevelt. In protest against the high-handed methods of the bosses, the delegates from the States elected at a direct primary withdrew, and the Progressive Party was formed.

Had the delegation who represented the popular control had the proper influence, or had there been a referendum of the party in all States, Theodore Roosevelt would have been nominated and elected, and the history of the world from 1913 to 1917 might have been much different. That a small group of selfish bosses should have been able to do so much damage not

only to their own party and country but to the world is one of the phenomena of our age. As extraordinary, perhaps, is the fact that the successors of Murray Crane, Barnes, and Penrose still believe that they have the right to dominate national conventions and to use the power of patronage to select candidates who will be subservient to them, sometimes euphemistically described as the "machine," sometimes as the "organization." Apparently not a single lesson has been learned since 1912.

The writer recalls riding to Boston in February, 1912, with Theodore Roosevelt, a few days before he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination. The Governors of seven States had sent him a letter asking him to seek the nomination, and he was about to make his reply.

"I am going to release my letter next Monday," he said. "It is very short and I can tell you what it contains." And he recited his letter word for word as it appeared, another evidence of his astounding memory.

"I think, Colonel, that you should win, because the people want you to be nominated," I said, enthusiastically, when he had finished.

"I haven't a doubt but what in a general and honest primary, I would win," he said, "but we have against us the terrible power of patronage. Remember," and he smiled grimly, "I know something about that power of patronage." Which was literally true, for he had used the very club with which the bosses ordinarily built up their machines, to purify American politics.

Apart from the changes that have been enforced by the direct primaries, there has been practically no reform in the convention system since it was brought into existence in 1831 by the Anti-Mason party. Up to that time national candidates were elected by the Legislative Congress, and it was a much needed reform which eventually all parties were obliged to adopt. It will be recalled that this movement grew out of the murder in 1826 of a man named William Morgan, a Free Mason living in Western New York, who had threatened to reveal the

secrets of the Masonic order. His disappearance resulted in an agitation that spread over New York, and through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New England, and received the support of such men as Thurlow Weed, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Calhoun, Sumner, and many others.

A preliminary meeting was held and a convention called in the city of Baltimore, on September 26th, 1831, at which each State was allowed delegates equal in number to the electoral votes it had in the electoral college. Barring the fact that the method of selecting the delegates is now decided by a statute in nearly all States, the selection of the President and Vice-President of the United States is still governed by the system inaugurated in 1831 by this long forgotten party. The self-perpetuating machine of both parties has gone on for several years unchallenged, and as Professor Morse,—whom we quoted in our last article,—has stated, the attitude of even thoughtful people toward parties has been that they exist as a kind of necessary evil, and few have undertaken to study them with the object of doing away with the evil, and develop what was useful and proper in them. As we stated in the September issue of the FORUM, it is this fact that has led the American people to turn so frequently to third parties as the means of correcting the iniquitous practices by which the old parties retain control of the Government.

ANTON CHEHOV

The Secret of His Literary Power

By WILLIAM GERHARDI

CHEHOV died less than twenty years ago in the prime of life. A physician, interested in pathology, his mind was free from the morbid strain that obsesses most of the younger Russians. As the author of "Futility" points out in this essay, the secret of Chehov's literary power is his ability to capture and articulate the elusive, submerged thoughts which exist in the mind of the most commonplace man but which the commonplace man is unable to capture and articulate with any accuracy for himself.

existence. And you become aware of the diversity of life, and of your hopeless handicap in keeping pace with it,—life is too big, too quick, too varied,—and of your puny, puny self.

The approach is from without (involving the particular thrill described); the experience, from within: it is we who live these hitherto unsuspected lives with the acuteness, with the privacy, indeed, of reminiscence. We say as we read Chehov: "How true to our own experience!" But we are living new undiscovered lives. How is it? Because in truth there seems nothing that Chehov does not know. And the test? The test is that the truth that there is nothing that *we* do not know does not occur to us till we are reading him, and then we say: "How true to life." Why? It may be that, accustomed to a cruder literature

THERE is an experience familiar to travellers. You sit at the train window, and the train shoots through the approaches of some big town, and you see tall squalid houses with the washing hanging out of the window, or perhaps a carpet being beaten in the yard; and your thoughts shoot back to those houses, carpets, linen, and the people living in their atmosphere. How strange, you think, that what is alien to you should be to them the very fibre of

and cruder intercourse, we deemed irrational, irrelevant thought as in some manner "illegitimate," perverse,—a sort of growth confined to our own eccentric self, and so kept it back on the subconscious threshold. How deceived we were as to its importance. For life is more complex, fluid, and elusive, not than we had privately suspected (for potentially in a semi-conscious, inarticulate way, we are all of us profoundly subtle), but than we had expected to be told by others, much less to see in print. One of the chief delights of reading Chehov is the discovery that our vaguely apprehended, half-suspected thoughts concerning the fluidness, complexity, and elusiveness of life have been confirmed articulately and in print.

It is as if all along we had suspected that the private and unnoticed little things in life were the important ones; but had thought it necessary to present ourselves to our fellows in a stiff intellectual shirt-front. Chehov has eased our joints with candour. Today it is more difficult to pretend, more difficult to keep up an attitude of insincerity in literature, to affect a thing,—even if your affectation be sincerity, a professed dislike of affectation! For this, modern literature has the great Russian novelists to thank. The individual "feel" of living must have been essentially the same for many ages back. It is impossible to credit that the inner, private life of our ancestors was quite as smooth and simple and direct as it was handed down to us in the fiction of their day, with its somewhat formal, as if "dressed up," emotion. Where is the documentary evidence of their reactions to the subconscious side of life? Where is their complex inner life, which, if it was anything like our own, must have been strangely at variance with their smooth accounts of it? The older novelists, we suspect, reported life not as it was really lived, but as they thought it *should* be lived, or as they thought that others thought life was, or should be, lived. Perhaps the more rigid rules of life that held them, caused them to distrust their inner sense in favor of the accepted forms and standards and conventions; bullied it, in fact, into timid acquiescence. For it is not till one's half-conscious suspicions are encouraged and

confirmed by comparison with similar experiences of some one other than oneself that one is at all convinced that one's inner sense of things, discordant as it is with the accepted formal life of fact, is not an idiosyncrasy peculiar to oneself alone, but the real life experienced by every human being. And it is because there is in Chehov's works that fluid undercurrent by which we recognize existence, because we see that he at least did not simplify life in order to round off his picture of it (the loose-end nature of it being just the picture he has set out to portray), and because in a complex version there are necessarily more points of affinity than in a simplified and stripped account of human life, that we recognize ourselves in mental and emotional experiences in point of fact unknown to us.

His is the art of creating convincing illusions of the life that is. And "the life that is" is what *is* in the material sense of reality, *plus* all the romantic illusions and dreams, *plus* all the sneaking, private, self-conscious perceptions, suspicions, sensations that go side by side with the "official," barren life of fact. It is the wanton incompatibility of the reality of life with our romantic, smoother private visions of what life ought to be, and that, together, makes our life seem what it is, with its makeshifts, self-deception, contradiction, and emotional misunderstanding of individual and mutual sensibilities, which has seized him, and, because he saw beauty in it, has made him a creative artist.

How did he come to see beauty in it? Because, I think, he must have felt: now that is life; but somehow we expected, and go on expecting, in defiance of reality, that life ought to be more: we sense a kind of absolute beauty which is more like a song or a poem—"romantic"—and this is the comic-pathos of our falling short of it. Why is there a decided sense of beauty about a child cherishing illusions? Why is there a pathetic beauty about the child losing those illusions? Why is there beauty in that tale of his about the little grocer's boy (*Vanka Zshukov*), who, because he was home-sick and ill-treated at the shop, wrote a letter to his grandfather in the village begging him to take him home at all cost, and after dropping the letter, insufficiently ad-

dressed, into the pillar-box, had happy dreams? Why? Unless it be that the inadequacy of what *is* throws into relief the dream of that which ought to be. We are born with a sense of paradise in us. Perhaps we do not go there, and it is only as though we had come from there.

"Let me remind you," he writes in a letter, "that the writers who, we say, are for all time or are simply good, and who intoxicate us, have one common and very important characteristic: they are all going towards something and are summoning you towards it too, and you feel, not with your mind, but with your whole being, that they have some object. . . . The best of them are realistic and paint life as it is, but through every line's being soaked in the consciousness of an object, you feel, besides life as it is, the life which ought to be, and that captivates you." This is the precise quality of Chehov's own writing,—not less so because, in a moment of depression, in his letter he laments the absence of these laudable characteristics from the writing of himself and his contemporaries. He, even more distinctly than his predecessors, makes us feel that he is going out and drawing us "towards something" transcendental.

The sense of living is a several-fold experience consisting, as it were, of several layers of perception. We recognize life when we sense it. And the reason that so often we do not recognize life in the books that we read is, apart from any question of skill on the part of the writer, because one or more of the "layers" of perception having been omitted by him, our sense of life is incomplete, impaired,—not representative of life's flavor as we know it. Such writing, whatever its other merits, is less rich, if not less true. "Romantic" fiction, therefore, expressing the smooth dreamy side of life divorced from most material reality; the so-called "realistic" fiction employing real material facts with the smooth directness only possible in a romance, and, while ignoring the irrational dreamy side of life, flattering itself naively on being "true to life" and "realistic;" and, lastly, "introspective" fiction, "top-heavy" in so far as the detail of its means tends to exceed its own artistic end, are each necessarily poorer, *thinner*

than the balanced combination of their elements. And it is this balance of the three elements that gives his work a life-like touch, removes him altogether from the musty flavor of tradition which attaches to the sedate profession of letters. When we read Chehov we somehow forget all literary associations. It is as if, forsaking our various professions, we stepped aside to get a better view of life. And then it seems as if all other men of letters who lived on literature had done no more than step aside henceforth to walk outside and beside life. Chehov is indeed more than life in the sense that he is the quintessence of it. One forgets that it is books he is writing, that, like others, he must wield a pen, use words; the medium seems accidental. He is concerned with life, with the whole of life since the particular is unsatisfying, with the particular because the whole of life cannot be focused into vividness; and the particular which must needs exclude alternatives reminds him of what he is missing.

"'Why are thy songs so short?' a bird was once asked. 'Is it because thou art short of breath?'"

"'I have very many songs, and I should like to sing them all.'"

This fragment from Daudet is jotted down in one of Chehov's note-books. And certainly it is all but useless to classify his subject-matter. It encompasses all kinds of Russian life that one can think of; and it is the consummative variety of his works remembered as a whole that fills one with a mingled sense of wonder and of lost opportunities,—a sense which springs from the realization of the vast variety of existence, impossible to experience since life is given but once, and stingily at that. It is in the essence of things that our appetite tends to increase in proportion to our knowledge of the things we miss, must needs go on doing so. But we do not propose to slacken our pace for all that, and readers of Chehov may perhaps console themselves, because, to some extent at all events, literature like his may take the place of actual experience, without the physical exertion, sacrifices, inconvenience, and pain that is inseparable from the business of living; and when they die they may congratulate themselves on having lived a hundred lives,—but paid for one!

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The plan for the Philippines presented in this issue of THE FORUM gives them their own legislature and the right to elect their own Governor. Except for three clauses it leaves them complete liberty within themselves: The veto of a resident United States Commissioner; Federal control of the army and navy and foreign affairs; bonded indebtedness.

It may be interesting to compare this proposal with the two similar steps taken by the British since 1918, in Ireland and in Egypt. In Ireland the oath of allegiance to the King is the only outward sign of allegiance to the British Empire. Egypt is a closer parallel, for here the British have allowed the Egyptians full scope of self-government, provided that they respect the property rights of all the foreign residents, keep up the waterways of the River Nile, and do not treat the natives too badly. As is suggested for the Philippines, Egypt has a Resident Commissioner, and the British army retains the right to control certain strategic points of importance.

To those idealists who love to proclaim "self-determination" from every housetop, this new programme for the Philippines will seem grossly inadequate. However, it must not be forgotten that twenty years ago the Filipinos were living, for the most part, in a state of complete savagery, and it is confidently predicted by those who know the Philippines that all the wealth of money, labor, and care expended there would be wiped away shortly should we entirely evacuate the islands today.

So our relation with the Philippines has again become a burning issue to every American voter. We invite our readers to express themselves freely in letters to THE FORUM, a selection of which will be published in our next Rostrum.



MISS DUNBAR REPLIES

In connection with the monthly debates in *THE FORUM*, the Editors offer to the leader of the debate an opportunity to reply in a short letter to his opponent. Miss Dunbar has availed herself of this privilege in the following communication:

Editor of THE FORUM:

As my own article should make clear, the theory of coeducation seems no more debatable to me than it does to the writer of "The Case for Coeducation." I am personally in favor of coeducation from the cradle up. Indeed, it is observation of coeducated children in the modern type of school that encourages me to challenge the artificial features of coeducational college life. If false ideas were not suggested to them, there would seem to be no reason why eighteen-year-old boys and girls should not, when educated together, conduct themselves as naturally and reasonably as boys and girls of half that age.

And since I have seen relatively little of coeducation in practice, I had hoped that there might be coeducational colleges in this country where the conditions I deplored did not exist. Professor Peixotto destroys this hope. In reply to the criticism that girls are forced to content themselves with second place, she merely says: "But all society behaves this way,"—as though that were the end of the matter. Since therefore so able an apologist for coeducation-as-it-is does not even attempt to defend this defect, then my own view, which is that the situation admits of no reasonable defence, would seem to be confirmed.

But there is a word or two more to say on this point. Important as libraries and laboratories are, as educational agencies, a large conception of the meaning of education, on the part of a university's administrators, is surely more important still. And to acquiesce in admittedly undesirable conditions, on the ground that society at large reproduces these in a greater or less degree, seems to me to involve a relatively backward conception of education. All manner of stupidities, errors, vices might on this ground be tolerated in a college atmosphere. As we all know, most members of society don't think. But that scarcely affords a reason for failing to help the college student to acquire the power of thought.

However, the protest must be made that in this instance it is happily no longer true that "all society behaves in this way." Among the more intelligent young people of today, those who marry on a reasonable basis and are friendly rivals in the professions and arts, such notions of masculine and feminine demeanor as the coeducational college is at pains to perpetuate, seem outworn, even barbaric.

And, finally, my article was not an argument for the separate college as the ultimate ideal. It merely expressed my own belief that as matters now stand, the girl student at a separate college, however incomplete her preparation for life might be, must at least leave college a more spontaneous human being than the coeducated girl with fewer inhibitions, more knowledge of her own abilities, more self-respect.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

New York City.

GILDED CAGES

The Mikado desired to "make each prisoner content unwillingly represent a source of innocent merriment." Society in general, less dialectically ingenious but virtually as heartless, has been content to lock up the convict and forget about him. From time to time a champion arises to protest and demand measures of reform. These have led to sporadic attempts to improve the prison system, but so far the root of the evil has not been touched. Along with his vigorous article published in this issue, Mr. Hervey sends us a pertinent letter from Mr. A. C. Willis, President of the all-powerful Labor Party in Australia and the controlling factor in the Australian Miners' Union, in which he makes constructive suggestions for a policy of prison reform. His letter reads as follows:

Dear Sir:

I believe that our present prison system should be thoroughly overhauled. The treatment that is at present meted out to the unfortunate beings who are confined in our jails is not reformatory. On the contrary, it is calculated to embitter them against society, and to develop a spirit of hatred which most certainly does not make for good citizenship.

I think that all cases of crime, so-called, should be subject to the special study of experts, and that the treatment, as a consequence, should be as various as the special circumstances may require. I believe that, for persons serving long terms, a system of open-air forestation work should be adopted. This, providing them with good, healthy, out-door work, would tend to improve their mentality and general value as men, and, incidentally, would be a good investment for the community. This course, with most satisfactory results, I understand, is now being taken in New Zealand, and upon a large scale.

I would not have men confined in prison cells at all. It is the most brutalizing and stupid thing conceivable to lock men up for sixteen, eighteen, or twenty hours per day, except where there is proved mental deficiency, and where restraint is necessary, as a consequence, for the preservation of human lives, such men as are unfortunate enough to enter prison should spend by far the greater

part of their time at work in the open air. And this applies with even greater force, of course, to the case of women prisoners.

We should, today, be devoting our time and energies more to the removal of the conditions that produce criminals, so-called, than to the providing of the criminal, when manufactured by the present brutal industrial system, with a gilded cage. The recent ideas that have been adopted in America, known as the Osborne system, simply aid at providing men in prison with gilded cages, and do not touch the underlying economic causes of modern criminalism, so-called, at all.

A. C. WILLIS.

Sydney, N. S. W.

A PREACHER'S DUTY

One reader of Mr. Hunter's article, "Why We Are Silent," published in the October number, objects vigorously to the assumption that we should look to the pulpit for the solution of social problems. Should a minister confine himself to the interpretation of Christianity as such, or is he expected to interpret modern life in the light of Christian standards?

Editor of THE FORUM:

It seems a pity that Mr. Allan A. Hunter has so small an appreciation of the importance of the work which truly falls within the sphere of the minister, and such a distorted estimate of the value of a young minister's opinion on subjects with which he has never had direct contact. What earthly use, for example, is the opinion and advice of a young bachelor minister on marriage? I don't suppose he will ever realize just how worthless it is until he has been married a few years himself. Certainly I never realized how abysmal my ignorance of the subject and its problems was until long after I took a most admirable wife myself.

In the same way, I cannot esteem his ideas on industrial democracy too highly, if he has any yet. Any employer with the least common sense wants to draw out the initiative of his employees. But after three years in an office myself I am only just beginning to

realize how difficult a task this is. If Mr. Hunter will spend twenty years in some one plant studying the question there, his opinion will have great value on ways and means of introducing industrial democracy,—in that one plant.

There is just one subject on which Mr. Hunter is expected to be an authority: Christianity. He should know it from alpha to omega, from every angle. He should be able to trace its development from the fetish worship which preceded it in the dawn of history. He should understand the outside influences working upon the Hebrew mind in Bible times, so that he can with some authority sift the chaff from the grain in the scriptures. He should know the customs of the primitive Semites, the geography of the country, the scripture languages,—all this in order that he may truly interpret the message of the Bible and its progressive revelation to his congregation.

This is a great work. People are reaching out for religion to-day, but modern thought and modern knowledge forbid their accepting the hard teachings of the Christianity that our forefathers believed, without questioning. Some of us do not realize that modern times have brought gains as great in our knowledge of Christianity as in almost any other field.

A minister with a superficial knowledge of the Bible can accept it literally or reject,—rather hit or miss,—everything which does not fit in with his ideas of the universe around him. If he chooses the former course, he will scarcely be teaching Christianity as we now understand it. If the latter, he will learn nothing from the Bible, for he will dismiss all that does not agree with what he already believes.

On this question of the new understanding of Christianity, the struggle between the fundamentalists and the liberals is of supreme importance, for it involves the right of the ministry to teach true Christianity to their congregations. Why does Mr. Hunter assume such a supercilious attitude towards the freedom with which he can fulfill his real calling?

Perhaps a word of Greek advice should be whispered in his ear, "Cobbler, stick to your last."

P. I. PRENTICE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A MOTHER APPROVES

The foregoing criticism is offset by the opinion of other readers who feel that the young minister's mission extends beyond the field of theoretical Christianity. That Mr. Hunter's perplexity meets with a sympathetic response in many quarters is indicated by the following letter:

Editor of THE FORUM:

After reading "Why We Are Silent," by Allan A. Hunter, in the October FORUM, I have a strong conviction that I cannot afford to miss anything he may write, that you may print. So here is my subscription for the coming year. Please begin with the October number, as I have sent the copy with Mr. Hunter's article to a student in the Theological Seminary of Virginia and wish another to keep.

I'd like some more information about him especially whether he has written anything else. Please tell him that I hope, now that he has started to talk, he will never again return to silence, especially later on, when he "has kids to take care of, and the 'rulers of darkness' say 'Hush!'"

E. S. T.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LOSS OF FAITH

The Fundamentalist position, definitely laid down by William Jennings Bryan in THE FORUM for July, has been attacked and defended by preachers, scientists, and lawyers throughout the land with a vigor which proves that the religious instinct is in no danger of dying out, whatever may be said of the lack of faith in a literal interpretation of the Scriptures. Following are extracts from a recent communication.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the September issue of your magazine a criticism is made of Mr. Bryan, by J. Leon Williams. May we have a portion of your valuable space for a mild rejoinder?

The article in question contains the following salient points: A Correct Diagnosis, The Loss of Faith, An Old Fashioned Religion, A New Bible, The Remedy.

Mr. Williams, you assume to have the correct diagnosis as to "the loss of faith in the Bible," the gist of which appears to be that men have reached the stage of mental enlightenment that prevents them from having faith. You assume that Christians have lost faith. How absurdly mistaken you are! Perhaps a great number of church members have lost faith (if they ever possessed it) but real Christians have not lost it. You attempt to make Christian faith a matter of the head,—to measure it somehow in terms of science, when it is strictly a quality of the heart, one's very being.

These latter day critics love to say they are followers of Jesus, but spare no pains in performing wholesale operation on the Bible. May we remind you of this: Jesus did not question the Bible, for He often referred to the scriptures, taking from it the very foundations of His great lessons. For one to reject the Bible and yet believe in our Savior, is surely inconsistent and illogical.

Those who are so convinced that man is a lineal descendant of the ape should get busy and manufacture a new Bible. You criticize Mr. Bryan for his old fashioned religion, forgetting that the men and women of the ages who are endeared to us by their professions and their deeds, believed in the Bible, and instead of criticizing, made their lives conform to the teachings of it. Mr. Bryan is in very good company, and no adverse criticism for his stand can hurt him.

What would be your "more suitable structure, erected in harmony with modern thought and knowledge"? If such a structure was erected, would it not have to conform to a jazz-sick universe? And who wants more jazz? You say that "the foundations of religious belief must be re-laid, and that right soon, if a world catastrophe is to be averted." Would it not be better sense to say that unless there is a return to the cardinal principles of living as heralded through the ages by the greatest of books, there will be a catastrophe?

Let us understand this at once: The trouble is not with religion, but with men,—men who refuse to conform their lives to the requirements of the Christian religion. Men who have never had real faith in the inspiration of the Bible, have gone into the churches and become members. Real Christians,—those who believe,—are in the minority in the churches, as you well know. It is the unbeliever that

is causing the trouble in the churches, and the sooner this type invents a new code upon a scientific and materialistic foundation, the better it will be for all concerned.

Mr. Bryan has made heroic attempts to abolish war. He resigned his place in the Cabinet because he did not want to appear inconsistent when he had been instrumental in drafting numerous peace treaties. All true Christians in every church would abolish war in an instant had they the power.

H. M. HAMMOND.

Yankton, S. D.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED

Editor of THE FORUM:

I was greatly surprised and shocked to read in the columns of THE FORUM for September the blasphemous letter by a working man who denounced Christ as "a bootlegger, a hobo and one who never 'done' anything to help man." In contrast to this man's opinion, compare the following, which is given by one who believes in the Christ as the Son of God and has listed many of his wonderful sayings and proved them true.

"There never was a greater prophecy or a greater miracle than the prophecy of Christ and its fulfillment to date, when he said: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but *my* word shall not pass away.'" Was ever such audacity seen or heard of? What did he mean by that saying? He stood on the hillside of Judea, between two of the mightiest opposing forces the earth had ever seen. Greece, great in art; Rome, great in war. At his feet lay Jerusalem forty-six years in building. Yet in that sentence he boldly declared that Greece and Rome should be no more and later on he said that of the temple not a stone should rest upon another and Jerusalem should be a heap. Wondrous prophecy! Wondrous fulfillment! Where is Greece today? We know her glory but in Herodotus and Xenophon. Where is Rome? Gibbon will tell you her story. And Jerusalem is bearing out another prophecy. She rises in the flight of centuries, about her old and scattered ruins, a witness to the truth.

And His Word: In every land in well-nigh every language, beyond the seas and under every sun, the Gospel sheds its light, and un-

told millions now, as smaller gatherings then, hang listening upon the gracious words that fell from this man's lips, who spake as never man had spoken.

To blot out these words now, would be to blot out half the poetry, art, and song in the civilized world.

W. W. HUGHES.

A PASSIVE WEAPON

Editor of THE FORUM:

In view of the fact that we hear, even from those who believe in the efficacy of non-violent non-cooperation, that passive resistance in the Ruhr was ended by brute force, I want to call attention to the testimony of J. Henry Scattergood, a business man, who, speaking on that subject, said: "One of the French generals said to us, 'If they (the Germans) start something we will massacre them. But if they do not, what are we to do?'"

Mr. Scattergood's comment as to the French army was, "They are all dressed up and nowhere to go. Do you realize that there is being tried today an experiment that is new in the world's history . . . and it is working. I mean passive resistance. It is so baffling . . . No one knows how to meet it. The Germans said to us over and over, 'Don't you Americans see the possibilities of passive resistance?'"

The power of armed force did not cause the suspension of passive resistance in the Ruhr. Poincaré admitted his defeat on this score when he abjectly called on the British to "make the Germans stop passive resistance." Those words cannot be unsaid, they mark a defeat for brute force. When Poincaré added that if this were done he would consider reparations, he ate his own words of July, 1922, when he said to a group of noted French journalists that he did not want the money but German territory. The peaceful resistance of the Ruhr workers came to an end simply and solely because Poincaré found German capitalists *ready to play his game for him*,—a game in which an already broken, starved population were outmatched. In the face of all handicaps, their resistance was nothing short of magnificent, and should hearten all who put their faith in the dynamic power of peaceful non-cooperation.

Mr. Scattergood is wrong in saying that this experiment is new. During the past year non-violent resistance,—in the country where Mahatma Gandhi three years ago initiated his nationwide program of non-violent non-cooperation,—has gained two outstanding victories, in the face of the extremely brutal opposition of the government. Indians are proving the truth of Gandhi's words, "The sword of the spirit does not rust, it cannot be stolen, and the user of it cannot be dispossessed of it by force. It does not exhaust, and it blesses him who uses it, and him against whom it is used." Predicated, as it is, on the economic life of people, this weapon is the logical one for our time,—the only one that stands any chance of real success.

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York City.

CULTURE IN HUNGARY

Editor of THE FORUM:

As a former citizen of Hungary who knows well the conditions prevailing in pre-war and post-war Hungary, I should like to comment on statements made by Count Apponyi in his speeches. Count Apponyi stated that Hungary was "the furthest outpost of civilization in Europe." This remark sounds indeed very strange in Count Apponyi's mouth, for while he was Minister of Education, Slovak schools were closed down, Slovak people suppressed, and Slovak political leaders jailed. Such is the pre-war record of the "furthest outpost of civilization." However, by the Treaty of Trianon, the Slovaks were joined with the "inferior" Czech race and, as a result of this incorporation into an "inferior civilization," they have now nearly 4,000 public schools while in the "superior" Magyar civilization they had none at all.

Count Apponyi says that "the war should be followed by a peace just, fair, and permanent." The Treaty of Trianon put an end to the racial oppression of the non-Magyar races. It has liberated the Slovaks, Serbo-Croats, Ruthenians, and Rumanians and has given them their due place among the free civilized nations of Europe. Is this not "just, fair, and permanent"? Pre-war Hungary was an artificial state, a "survival of mediæval times," as President Masaryk once stated, a state in-

compatible with the people's right to self-termination and held together by brutal force and oppression. The passing away of such a state can be regretted only by the Magyar Feudal oligarchy of which Count Apponyi is a typical representative, but not by free democracy like America. If we remember the sufferings of the liberated nations under the Magyar rule, then we can fully realize the great good done by the Trianon treaty. To unmake this great work cannot be the duty of America, as Count Apponyi tries to persuade us.

CLEMENT THRISKY.

New York City.

RE-NAMING THE MONTHS

Editor of THE FORUM:

Some time ago a plan was proposed for the revision of the calendar. The plan calls for redivision of the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days or four weeks each, the extra day in the year to be a universal holiday and the extra day in leap year also to be a universal holiday. It proposes that the extra month be inserted between February and March and be called Liberty. It was announced that business men were much in favor of the change.

If the calendar is to be revised, why not make a further revision and begin the year at more logical time: the beginning of spring? Also why not have a more logical naming of the months? The names of four of our

months,—September, October, November, and December,—are derived from Latin cardinal numerals, but now instead of being the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months, as they were originally, they are the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth months. If the year were to begin on what is now March 21 these months would be the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, as they were intended to be. Since four of the months have names derived from Latin cardinal numerals, why not give the other nine similar names?

Under this plan the months would be as follows:

Unnumber....	Last 11 days of March	and first 17 of April	
Duober.....	13	April	16 May
Triaber.....	14	May	12 June
Quattuorber..	15	June	10 July
Quinqueber..	21	July	7 Aug.
Sexber.....	24	Aug.	4 Sept.
September...	25	Sept.	2 Oct.
October.....	26	Oct.	
November...	1	Oct.	27 Nov.
December...	3	Nov.	25 Dec.
Undecimber...	6	Dec.	22 Jan.
Duodecimber...	9	Jan.	19 Feb.
Tredecimber...	9	Feb.	19 Mar.

WILBUR E. GILMAN.

Columbia, Mo.

INVITATION

THE FORUM has no axe to grind. In our eyes the world is made up of *Pros* and *Cons*, equally deserving of a hearing. We invite readers to express their approval or disapproval of the views set forth by our contributors. Letters to the editor should be brief, to the point, and readable.

THE EDITOR.



OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS

SUBMIT A BOOK REVIEW!

*Is book-reviewing a duty or a pleasure? With the professional critic it is too often the former, and his boredom is likely to be reflected in his *compte rendu*. Whatever else it may be, a book review should not be perfunctory, and an amateur, moved to joy or to wrath by the perusal of a newly published volume, may have a more stimulating reaction than the sophisticated reader who reads for the mere purpose of judging the merits of the book in question.*

THE FORUM, which aims to be a national medium for public discussion, wishes to test out this theory by inviting its readers to review books which seem to them worthy of attention. Beginning with the December issue, an opportunity is offered to anyone who has something fresh and vigorous to say apropos of any significant new publication, in any field,—literary, economic, political, historical, scientific, education.

Unsolicited reviews should not exceed three hundred words in length. They will be judged in accordance with the standards obtaining in the case of all other manuscripts submitted. This means that in order to be accepted they must qualify on the score of style, sincerity, originality, and general interest. Reviews accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of two cents a word. The editors cannot undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Send all reviews to:

Editor of THE FORUM,
247 Park Avenue,
New York City.

A LOST LADY

With *A LOST LADY* (Knopf) Willa Cather has strengthened her claim to be called one of the most important living novelists. In Marian Forrester she has created a gay and lovely creature who, like most of Miss Cather's heroines, is filled with a strong current of life, a moving and irresistible energy. Thea Kronberg in *The Song of the Lark* had it,

and Antonia Shimerda; but while Thea was never for a moment in doubt as to how her energy must be used, and Antonia, spending her inexhaustible spirit in maternity, fulfilled exactly her destiny, Marian Forrester is lost because she cannot put her gifts to any proper use. She spends her priceless coin of brilliant and bubbling laughter, of gentleness and soft captivating vivacity for the cheapest wares the market has to offer and seems perfect

tified with her bargain. In her husband he seemed to have chosen wisely; as long as he was able to furnish her with a rudder he travelled in fairly safe waters; without this direction, based on a deep comprehension of her nature, she sailed before any breeze.

As in all her writing, Miss Cather is subtle and direct; *A Lost Lady* is only 173 pages in length, a short novel. Yet it is thoroughly documented. Marian Forrester's charm is so credible that her lack of discrimination, her voice not merely of lovers to take the place of her silent, sound, massively good husband, but of lovers of the lowest and most unworthy sort, makes tragedy. The lovers themselves are credible, although one of them, Ivy Peters, might easily have been a caricature, a wooden figure labelled Cruelty. And in this short space, also, Miss Cather manages to be a poet. Her words create poignant images, she knows beauty when she sees it, and she can make it visible. It was this insight that could grasp the essential tragedy of Marian Forrester: her capacities for beauty were large, and she could be content with something less.

DOROTHY G. VAN DOREN.

Another reviewer finds Miss Cather's latest book "a charming and masterful study, the work of an artist," but hesitates to give it a place among "great" novels. In passing, he adds the pertinent comment: "When will even the intelligent publisher cease this first-dition hokus? I suppose he only automatically responds to the demand created by the intimate bookseller for his gilt-edge sucker, but why this: 'twenty on Borsoi all-rag paper signed by the author and numbered A to T, two hundred on all-rag paper signed by the author and numbered 1 to 200, etc.' I miss the fifty on uterine vellum signed *eeny, meeny, miney, mo* in gold ink."

THE POETIC EDDA

Although this splendid translation is evidently a work of careful scholarship, the nature of the material and the ability of the translator, Henry Adams Bellows, bring it well within the field of the casual reader. I shall leave its scholarly estimation to those who indulge in such fine marksmanship. Re-

garded as a book to read, here is great pleasure in store for lovers of racial lore, good story-telling and poetry.

THE POETIC EDDA (the American-Scandinavian Foundation), is a more or less haphazard collection of early ballads and runic wisdom dealing with the Norse gods and the early Germanic folk heroes. It is taken from the *Codex Riegus*, which is an Icelandic transcription of about the Twelfth Century where-in the oral literature of the three preceding centuries was first written down.

The ballads have been compared with the early English ballads and the runes with Ecclesiastes. This is hardly a fair analogy. The narratives on the whole have little artistic coherence and the wisdom of the runes is altogether that of a barren, fierce, hand-to-mouth existence. The native flavor, however, of itself places the book beyond need of close comparisons.

The volume is two books in one. The first part, *Lays of the Gods*, opens with the *Voluspo*, the northern story of the creation. It is full of the poetry of dark and light, of heat and cold, a fierce poetry quite devoid of the rich cultural atmosphere of the southern Hebrew prophets. Here is their Adam and Eve:

"Two without fate on the land they found,
Ask and Embla, empty of might.
Soul they had not, sense they had not,
Heat nor motion, nor goodly hue;
Soul gave Othin, sense gave Hönir
Heat gave Lothur and goodly hue."

Then follows *Havamal*, ballad of the high one, a miscellany of runes and proverbs, eminently practical and reflecting the brutal life of their age. The only thing in common with Ecclesiastes is a very marked anti-feminism:

"A man shall trust not the oath of a maid,
Nor the word a woman speaks;
For their hearts on a whirling wheel were
fashioned,
And fickle their breasts were formed."

But the really great strength in this old poetic conception of life is best summed up in this hard-won creed of the northern individualist:

"An eighteenth I know, that ne'er will I tell
To maiden or wife of man—
The best is what none but one's self doth
know.
So comes the end of the song."

The second book, *Lays of the Heroes*, is largely derived from southern sources. Here we find the German folk heroes, Guthrin and Sigurth. These poems of this later date are nearer to the modern conception of the ballad. Because of their greater sophistication and familiarity, while not so fresh, they are easier reading. They are more coherent and consciously artistic. In this latter part I would particularly recommend the *Guthrunarkviitha* as the finest poem and, for comparison, from the earlier Icelandic poems, the splendid *Skirmismal* and *Thrymskviitha*.

HENRY CHAPIN

Mr. Bellows' version is "as close to the original as possible," according to a second reader, "and yet has strength and soundness and movement, and even some of the gusto and frankness of the old Norse itself. Here English-speaking persons may follow the career of the Volsungs, may hear the old Gods prophesy and curse and make love; the source of the Niebelunglied and of the Wagner operas and of a hundred rich tales besides is here."

SANTAYANA'S COMPROMISE

With care and thoroughness George Santayana, poet and philosopher, takes the machine of skepticism to pieces and builds on the wreck the shining engine of his own system of philosophy. (SKEPTICISM AND ANIMAL FAITH, Scribners.) It also is skepticism, but skepticism joined with common sense,—animal faith. Admitting that everything is illusory, Mr. Santayana refuses to let the illusion defeat him: he can "entertain the illusion without succumbing to it, accepting it openly as an illusion, and forbidding it to claim any sort of being but that which it obviously has. . . . It will appear dwelling in its own world, and shining by its own light, however brief may be my glimpse of it: for no date will be written on it, no fame of full or of empty time will shut it in. . . . It will seem

an event in no world, an incident in no experience. The quality of it will have ceased to exist; it will be merely the quality which inherently, logically, and inalienably is, will be an Essence."

It is this doctrine of essence that Mr. Santayana is content to temper with common sense; and common sense leads him to believe in "discourse, in experience, in substance, truth, and in spirit." "All these objects," he admits, "may conceivably be illusory. Belief in them, however, is not grounded on prior probability, but all judgments of probability are grounded on them."

However philosophers may receive this new faith,—which its author says is neither his new,—the man in the street will greet it with a sober pleasure. He hates to be told that often he writes with does not exist except in his own mind; yet he feels that illusion her him in on every side. Here is a sensible and happy compromise which gains point and permanence by being written in the purest and clearest of styles on which the muse of poetry has laid a gentle hand.

MIDWINTER

At first glance another romance about one of the ill-fated attempts of Charles Stuart to seat himself on the throne occupied by George I would seem to be superfluous. But John Buchanan (MIDWINTER, Doran) has mixed his ingredients well. The well-known story of indecision, bad management, and inertia has been coated over with intrigue and mystery until it fairly shines. There are the Spoonbills, the men of Old England, led by the philosophical Master Midwinter, who live in the forest and can be summoned by certain ditty whistled where a tuft of broom is tied to the signpost at a crossroads. There is the soldier of fortune who has many adventures on the way to bring news to the Prince. There is the moment of fearful suspense when a madman is about to plunge the hero, suffering from the effects of a mighty crack on the head, into the tender jaws of a sawmill. There is the lovely lady, an ardent loyalist and the wife of a worthless young man whom she loves so much that she spares his life, thus spoiling his own chance. And last of all there is Samuel Johnson

not yet the great lexicographer but a poor, ill, clumsy young tutor who loves the lady, too, albeit hopelessly, and is downhearted because he is not permitted to go off to the wars. As Master Midwinter himself might have said: "A pretty tale enough, and one to bewile away a pleasant hour. It contributes nothing to solving the riddle of this strange and fearsome life of ours, but it will do."

There are various innovations; the hero does not marry the lovely lady; by his delay in sparing her husband's life he delivers a rushing blow to his own cause; and he does not, at the close when he is disappointed both in love and war, join the mysterious Spoonwills as a completely disillusioned man. Altogether this tale is, besides being highly diverting, more intelligent than most. It will and should be read.

A PUBLISHER CONFESSES

Walter Hines Page confesses (A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION, Doubleday, Page and Company), that the public pays too little for its books and the authors are paid too much; that "novels, after all, have less to do with literature than they have to do with popular amusement"; that "very few books have a serious chance to become literature unless they have *good construction* (italics ours)"; that "I, for one, and I know no publisher who holds a different opinion, care nothing for the judgment of the professional literary class"; that "the chief reason for the success of a novel is . . . that it contains a story. It may be told ill or it may be told well, but there is a story"; and finally that the notion that authors are a cranky and troublesome

lot is quite erroneous,—but that when a cranky and troublesome one does turn up it is usually because he has been unsuccessful.

Well, Mr. Page wrote these remarks anonymously for "The Boston Transcript" nearly twenty years ago. For the sake of his literary reputation they might better have remained anonymous. The small amount of good sense and the few interesting side-lights on the publishing trade are obscured in a fog of loose thinking. Mr. Doubleday, writing the introduction, has a confession of his own to make: Mr. Page, he says, "invariably followed the bright side of a sombre subject. He never, I believe, wrote an editorial which failed to indicate the bright side." Of such stuff is an important book not made.

VINDICATING BRYAN

There is an element of humor in the various obsequies that have been held over Mr. Bryan's political remains, says Wayne C. Williams (WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, Fleming H. Revell Company, \$1.00). "The only political interments are those of men who have not kept pace with the thinking of the generation in which they lived. No other American political leader has seen so many of his own ideas adopted in his own time as has Mr. Bryan."

Mr. Williams makes a very good case for the vindication of Bryan's policies, within the Democratic party and outside of it. The reader must recognize the moral force of Bryan's personality. He is still a potent factor in national affairs. The Democratic view of Roosevelt from 1904 on is interesting.

YOU OUGHT TO READ

Notable Books In Various Fields

Fiction

THE ABLE McLAUGHLINS by Margaret Wilson, winner of the Harper Prize Novel Contest and voted the \$2,000 prize among seven hundred and fifty competitors. (Harper & Brothers, \$2.00.)

"The prairie lay that afternoon as it had lain for centuries of September afternoons, vast as an ocean; motionless as an ocean coaxed into very little ripples by languid breezes; silent as an ocean where only very little waves slip back into their element. One might have walked for hours without

hearing anything louder than high white clouds casting shadows over the distances, or the tall slough grass bending lazily into waves."

So starts the tale, and for vivid description and graphic characterization the level is sustained straight through to the end of a gripping story.

Economics

ECONOMICS OF THE HOUR, by J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of *The Spectator*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.)

"If Bastiat had finished 'L'Harmonie Economique,' that noble work of which only the torso exists, it is quite possible that he would have revealed with his exquisite clarity the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in regard to economics. As it is, he only approached it, hinted at it, and died. Yet he told us, in effect, that if a choice must be made, man must lean to the benign extreme. He must choose that which makes for the good of all—abundance—rather than that which benefits, or appears to benefit, the individual—scarcity."

With this as his keynote, the author develops the theory of idealism and common sense serving the same master—the masses.

Politics

EUROPE SINCE 1918, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. (The Century Company. \$3.00.)

"These are the three reasons why Europe since 1918 has not found peace. The League of Nations is impotent, with or without the United States as a member, to restore Europe to peace until the three Furies—Vanity, Greed and Revenge—cease raging.

After the World War the movement in the United States to induce the American people to underwrite the Paris peace settlement did not succeed. The overwhelming rejection of their panacea for the ills of the world did not discourage the supporters of the Versailles Covenant. After four years they are returning to the campaign for American participation in the Versailles League. Since they cannot disguise the seriousness of conditions in Europe as the fourth year draws to a close, the earnest League propagandists, to get away from the remorseless logic of 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' now assert that Europe troubles are our fault. We refused to ratify the treaty and enter the League of Nations ergo, all these things have happened."

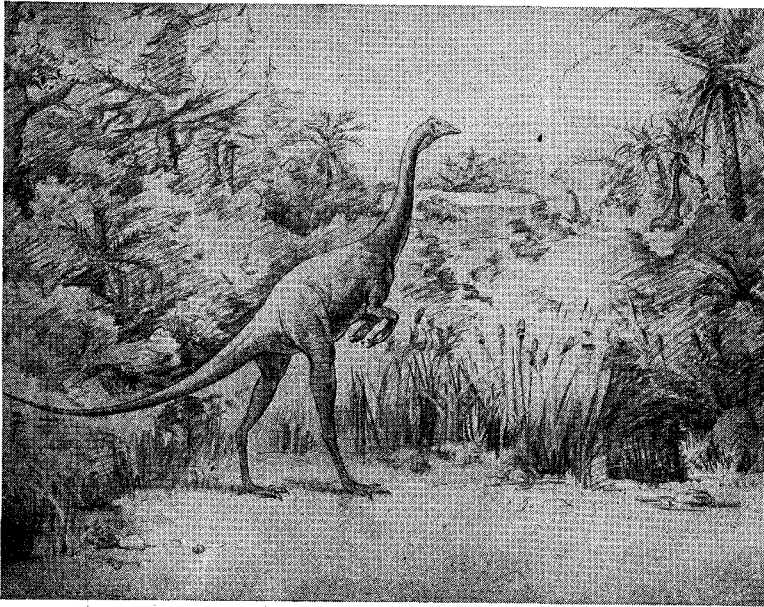
An entertaining and able review of all the "situations" which contribute to the wholesale misery in Europe today.

Translation

THE FAMILY AT GILJE, by Jonas Lie translated from the Norwegian by Samuel Coffin Eastman. (Doubleday, Page & Company. \$2.00.)

"I do not need to wish for any portrait of you, for I lie thinking, in the evening that I am at home. I see father so plainly walking up and down the room whistling and then starting off up the office stairs; and I pull your hair, Jörgen! and poke your head down into the geography, so that I get you after me, up and down in the house. I long horribly at times but I must not let my aunt see that; it would be ungrateful. She does not believe that one can exist anywhere but in a city."

Jonas Lie has a knack of twining the Nordic spirit into his homiest description that makes one reread and admire.



for days or weeks together, before a few scattered fragments of fossil bone are found that indicate a pocket where more careful search will show where skulls or skeletons are partly exposed, and enough remains in the rock to be worth collecting. Tireless physical activity is one of the necessary qualities for a successful hunter of fossils.

Of the numerous fossil fields existing in this remote part of the world, only three or four have been explored. The

Above is shown a restoration, made by the late Erwin Christman, of the ostrich dinosaur, based on skeletons found in Alberta. This animal is of slender proportions with long legs, thin neck, a small head, a horny beak, and no teeth. The third Asiatic Expedition found fragmentary remains of a species of this curious beast in Eastern Mongolia. During the latter part of the Age of Reptiles these dinosaurs lived in North America, which seems to prove that a land connection existed between America and Asia at that remote period.

At the bottom of the page is a photograph of cretaceous dinosaur beds near Artshin Bogda in the western Gobi desert. It is here reproduced by courtesy of Dr. Charles F. Berkey, who was chief geologist of the party organized by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews. Escarpments such as these break the monotony of the level plain and afford the rock exposures where fossils may be found. It is often necessary to climb along the ledges and slopes

same may be said of Africa, of South America, and of Australia. Each continent will yield numerous strange types of extinct animals, some of them expected, while others will be unexpected and surprising. Nor are the oceanic islands to be neglected. Cuba, Hispaniola, Porto Rico, have all yielded new and remarkable extinct animals to recent explorations; and it was in Java that the famous ape-like pithecanthropos was discovered.





HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

President of the American Museum of Natural History. Under his direction the museum has become the leading institution of its kind, especially in palaeontological exploration and research. The Asiatic expeditions long planned and prepared in advance have opened up a great new field for discovery.